

# THE ATHENÆUM



A JOURNAL OF  
ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,  
SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,  
& THE DRAMA.



No. 4710 [REGISTERED AS  
A NEWSPAPER.]

FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1920.

SIXPENCE.

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Applications must be on the official form G.126, to be obtained with particulars of the appointments, rates of payment, &c., by sending a stamped addressed foolscap envelope to the Education Officer, Education Offices, Faraday House, 8 and 10, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2, to whom they must be returned by Saturday, September 18, 1920.

Every communication must be marked G.4 on the envelope.  
Canvassing disqualifies.

JAMES BIRD,  
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Aberystwyth.

July 20, 1920.

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THE REGISTRAR,  
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July 20, 1920.

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Town Hall, Islington, N.1.  
July 28, 1920.

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By Order,

L. HEWLETT,

Town Clerk and Clerk to the Local  
Education Authority.

Town Hall,  
July 27, 1920.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

A JOURNAL OF  
SCIENCE AND



LITERATURE,  
THE ARTS

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### PUBLISHERS AND HEROES

IN last Sunday's *Observer* we saw, with a little shock of pleasure and astonishment, this publishers' announcement, taken from the *Observer* of July 30, 1820:

Keats' new Poems.—Just published in foolscap 8vo. 7s. 6d., boards.

LAMIA, ISABELLA, THE EVE OF ST. AGNES; and other poems. By John Keats.—London; printed for Taylor and Hessey, 93 Fleet-street, of whom may be had by the same author *ENDYMION*; a poetic romance, 8vo., 9s., boards.

The vision of that sedate advertisement aroused in us we dare not say what romantic feelings, hard to define, and, if defined, impossible to impose upon our readers. Therefore we will confine ourselves to the concrete.

There are two queer points, to a modern eye, about that advertisement. One is the price of the volume. Here it is before us, an unpretentious little book in octavo, of 199 pages, with only seventeen or eighteen lines to the page. And it cost 7s. 6d., at a time when three half-crowns were at least the equal of eight of our modern pieces, which may only be half silver, after all. People were expected to pay for good poetry in those days.

The second point is the courageous pride of the announcement: "Keats' new Poems." Keats' name may have been known; but it was known as that of the cockney butt of *Blackwood* and *The Quarterly*. It is fairly certain that Keats, lying ill at the Leigh Hunts' in Kentish Town, had no hand in the management of his book. It was without the author's knowledge and to his great disgust that the publishers slipped into it the famous prefatory note on "Hyperion": "The poem was intended to have been of

equal length with 'Endymion,' but the reception given to that work discouraged the author from proceeding." Nowadays, we could understand an author stubbornly insisting upon his connection with a book which had been buried in raucous ridicule; that the publisher should do so in his advertisements would be all a miracle.

Yet these queer people not only paid £100 for a copyright which they knew would be worth nothing to them until they were safely in the grave; they insisted in their advertisement, in their preface, and on the title-page of "*Lamia, Isabella and The Eve of St. Agnes*," that John Keats was the author of "*Endymion*." And more even than this, when Mr. Blackwood called on August 31, 1820, at Taylor Hessey's shop in Fleet Street, and was told by Taylor what he thought of him, it was not so much the personal abuse of Keats in "*Maga*" that moved Taylor to vent his righteous indignation upon Blackwood; it was "the cold-blooded passage where they say they will take care he shall never get £50 again for a volume of his Poems." That was "the truly diabolical thrust" at which Taylor's blood boiled. And to show how vile he thought it, he paid Keats twice fifty pounds, not for his new book, though that would have been wonderful enough, but for the very book which had been killed by the freebooters from the North.

After all, we need not celebrate Keats, or remind ourselves that the immortal 1820 volume sold at the rate of about twenty-five copies a year. But Taylor & Hessey deserve our most pious recollection. They were heroes among publishers; they should not lack their worshippers, for we can scarcely hope to look upon their like again.

## BANK HOLIDAY

A STOUT man with a pink face wears dingy white flannel trousers, a blue coat with a pink handkerchief showing, and a straw hat much too small for him, perched at the back of his head. He plays the guitar. A little chap in white canvas shoes, his face hidden under a felt hat like a broken wing, breathes into a flute; and a tall thin fellow, with bursting over-ripe button boots, draws ribbons—long, twisted, streaming ribbons—of tune out of a fiddle. They stand, unsmiling, but not serious, in the broad sunlight opposite the fruit-shop; the pink spider of a hand beats the guitar, the little squat hand, with a brass-and-turquoise ring, forces the reluctant flute, and the fiddler's arm tries to saw the fiddle in two.

A crowd collects, eating oranges and bananas, tearing off the skins, dividing, sharing. One young girl has even a basket of strawberries, but she does not eat them. "Aren't they *dear*!" She stares at the tiny pointed fruits as if she were afraid of them. The Australian soldier laughs. "Here, go on, there's not more than a mouthful." But he doesn't want her to eat them, either. He likes to watch her little frightened face, and her puzzled eyes lifted to his: "Aren't they a *price*!" He pushes out his chest and grins. Old fat women in velvet bodices—old dusty pin-cushions—lean old hags like worn umbrellas with a quivering bonnet on top; young women, in muslins, with hats that might have grown on hedges, and high pointed shoes; men in khaki, sailors, shabby clerks, young Jews in fine cloth suits with padded shoulders and wide trousers, "hospital boys" in blue—the sun discovers them—the loud, bold music holds them together in one big knot for a moment. The young ones are larking, pushing each other on and off the pavement, dodging, nudging; the old ones are talking: "So I said to 'im, if you wants the doctor to yourself, fetch 'im, says I."

"An' by the time they was cooked there wasn't so much as you could put in the palm of me 'and!"

The only ones who are quiet are the ragged children. They stand, as close up to the musicians as they can get, their hands behind their backs, their eyes big. Occasionally a leg hops, an arm wags. A tiny staggerer, overcome, turns round twice, sits down solemn, and then gets up again.

"Ain't it lovely?" whispers a small girl behind her hand.

And the music breaks into bright pieces, and joins together again, and again breaks, and is dissolved, and the crowd scatters, moving slowly up the hill.

At the corner of the road the stalls begin.

"Ticklers! Tuppence a tickler! 'Ool 'ave a tickler? Tickle 'em up, boys." Little soft brooms on wire handles. They are eagerly bought by the soldiers.

"Buy a golliwog! Tuppence a golliwog!"

"Buy a jumping donkey! All alive-oh!"

"Superior chewing gum. Buy something to do, boys."

"Buy a rose. Give 'er a rose, boy. Roses, lady?"

"Fevvers! Fevvers!" They are hard to resist. Lovely, streaming feathers, emerald green, scarlet, bright blue, canary yellow. Even the babies wear feathers threaded through their bonnets.

And an old woman in a three-cornered paper hat cries as if it were her final parting advice, the only way of saving yourself or of bringing him to his senses: "Buy a three-cornered 'at, my dear, an' put it on!"

It is a flying day, half sun, half wind. When the sun goes in a shadow flies over; when it comes out again it is fiery. The men and women feel it burning their backs, their breasts and their arms; they feel their bodies expanding, coming alive... so that they make large embracing gestures, lift up their arms, for nothing, swoop down on a girl, blurt into laughter.

Lemonade! A whole tank of it stands on a table covered with a cloth; and lemons like blunted fishes blob in the yellow water. It looks solid, like a jelly, in the thick glasses. Why can't they drink it without spilling it? Everybody spills it, and before the glass is handed back the last drops are thrown in a ring.

Round the ice-cream cart, with its striped awning and bright brass cover, the children cluster. Little tongues lick, lick round the cream trumpets, round the squares. The cover is lifted, the wooden spoon plunges in; one shuts one's eyes to feel it, silently scrunching.

"Let these little birds tell you your future!" She stands beside the cage, a shrivelled ageless Italian, clasping and unclasping her dark claws. Her face, a treasure of delicate carving, is tied in a green-and-gold scarf. And inside their prison the love-birds flutter towards the papers in the seed-tray.

"You have great strength of character. You will marry a red-haired man and have three children. Beware of a blonde woman. Look out! Look out! A motor-car driven by a fat chauffeur comes rushing down the hill. Inside there a blonde woman, pouting, leaning forward—rushing through your life—beware! beware!"

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am an auctioneer by profession, and if what I tell you is not the truth I am liable to have my licence taken away from me and a heavy imprisonment." He holds the licence across his chest; the sweat pours down his face into his paper collar; his eyes look glazed. When he takes off his hat there is a deep pucker of angry flesh on his forehead. Nobody buys a watch.

Look out again! A huge barouche comes swinging down the hill with two old, old babies inside. She holds up a lace parasol; he sucks the knob of his cane, and the fat old bodies roll together as the cradle rocks, and the steaming horse leaves a trail of manure as it ambles down the hill.

Under a tree, Professor Leonard, in cap and gown, stands beside his banner. He is here "for one day," from the London, Paris and Brussels exhibition, to tell your fortune from your face. And he stands, smiling encouragement, like a clumsy dentist. When the big men, romping and swearing a moment before, hand across their sixpence, and stand before him, they are suddenly serious, dumb, timid, almost blushing as the Professor's quick hand notches the printed card. They are like little children caught playing in a forbidden garden by the owner, stepping from behind a tree.

The top of the hill is reached. How hot it is! How fine it is! The public-house is open, and the crowd presses in. The mother sits on the pavement

edge with her baby, and the father brings her out a glass of dark brownish stuff, and then savagely elbows his way in again. A reek of beer floats from the public-house, and a loud clatter and rattle of voices.

The wind has dropped, and the sun burns more fiercely than ever. Outside the two swing-doors there is a thick mass of children like flies at the mouth of a sweet-jar.

And up, up the hill come the people, with ticklers and golliwogs, and roses and feathers. Up, up they thrust into the light and heat, shouting, laughing, squealing, as though they were being pushed by something, far below, and by the sun, far ahead of them—drawn up into the full, bright, dazzling radiance to—what?

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

## MÆCENAS & CO.

THE choice of godparents for one's children, physical or mental, is a serious matter. In selecting sponsors for the children of our bodies how many nice points there are to be considered! There are those whom we dare not pass over for fear of giving offence to them, and those whom we dare not ask for fear of giving offence to others. There are the good, poor men who, we fondly believe, will take a lifelong interest in the true welfare of our infants; and there are the wealthy bachelors and spinsters who will at least provide silver mugs, and should, like the great poets, be appreciated after death for what they leave behind them. There are also the sort of people we have as godparents ourselves; and Heaven alone knows why they were chosen, for all we ever got out of them was a Bible with an inscription on the fly-leaf and a silk book-marker in the middle. So with the children of the mind. There are those to whom duty compels us to dedicate a book; and those to whom cowardice alone forbids a dedication. Some there are to whom a dedication is a tribute of love or respect; others whose title to the honour is merely mercenary.

It was in the last-named class that were to be found the Patrons of Literature and, more especially, of Learning from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. "Dedications," says the anonymous author of "A History of Addresses," "were formerly as good a commodity as African Stock. 'Twas happy Times when as soon as a Book was ready to be launched, five or six notable Persons put in for the Epistle; an Author needed not then be at the Trouble of getting Drunk with the Footmen, or borrowing Money to bribe the Steward to procure Leave: Enough were at the Market before he open'd, and he needed only set his Price. But Authors abus'd this Happiness, and made Gentlemen give unconscionably for saying what neither they, nor the Patron, nor the World believ'd a Word of, which was a Corruption in the affair of Dedication that tended very much to the bringing its Credit low." The final blow to the dedicatory art as a means of money-making he explains by a phrase which sounds strangely familiar in our ears, and might have been written in 1920 instead of in 1709: "But the War that was so fatal to all Trade in general spoilt this. People cou'd not buy Books, much less Dedications." And yet the palmist

days of the proud patron and humble, not to say servile, author were still to come. Twenty years later a really learned antiquary like Francis Peck could address the Duke of Rutland as "the Most High, Puissant and Noble Prince," declare with fervour that "Your Grace is blest with a most accomplished Lady and a beautifully blooming offspring; in yourself with a most lively, agreeable Person, Good Sense and a Sweet Demeanour," and sign himself "Your Grace's most obliged, most devoted and most obedient humble servant." Even a century later a provincial Grand Master could apparently read without blushing encomiums on "the well-known goodness of your Heart and that liberality of Sentiment which renders your Actions, like your Descent, NOBLE," and could believe the assurances of the author that his work would "acquire new Vigour under your Auspices and dawn forth with an accumulated Lustre under the Shield of your Arm: which, like that of the Good Samaritan, is ever stretched out to administer Comfort and Relief to your afflicted fellow Creatures."

Still, to be fair, we must not read into these high-flown addresses always the base flattery of the beggar. They were the fashion, and even the translators of the Authorized Version termed King James "the sunne in his strength" (in comparison with "that bright Occidentall Starre Queene Elizabeth of most happy memory") when seeking his protection for their work against the abuse of Papists and the malignancy of "self-conceited brethren, who runne their own wayes and give liking unto nothing but what is framed by themselves and hammered on their Anvile." So much the fashion indeed that Fuller—who could turn a dedication as neatly as any man when he chose—felt it necessary to apologize for his "Holy State": "Nor let it render the Modestie of this Book suspected because it presumes to appear in company unmann'd by any Patron. If right it will defend it self; if wrong, none can defend it: Truth needs not, Falsehood deserves not a supporter. And indeed the matter of this Work is too high for a subjects, the workmanship thereof too low for a Princes patronage." Presumably in those more leisured days readers of a book began with the title-page—in itself often containing few less words and far more solid sense than a modern political pamphlet—and then seriously considered the dedicatory epistle, weighing the worth of the patron as carefully as we now appraise the names of the directors on a company prospectus, and if duly impressed thereby would "as little doubt its being good, because offered to so great a Judge, as they would be apt to mistrust a Child's Legitimacy to whom they saw a Man of Nice Honour stand Godfather."

As there may be as many motives for making a dedication as there are authors, so there are as many modes of composing them as motives. At one end of the scale is the brief, enigmatic "To B. E. F."—behind which may lurk either a passionate adoration unwilling to expose its divinity to the gaze of the profane crowd, or a grudging courtesy determined to bestow the least possible share of immortality upon the fly reluctantly imbedded in the imperishable amber of the author's works. At the other end,



in the "Œdipus Ægyptiacus" of the omniscient Jesuit, Athanasius Kircher, are the panegyrics of the Emperor Ferdinand in eight-and-twenty different languages, including Serbian, Samaritan, Chinese and the wildest of Egyptian hieroglyphics—that in English being specially contributed by James Alban Gibbes, "the Horace of his age," physician, and poet laureate to the Emperor Leopold. To hit the golden mean between the uninspired brevity of initials and the superfluity of fulsome flattery is no easy task, and the number of dedications that are in themselves works of art is as small as the number of exquisite miniatures at an exhibition of the Royal Academy. I know of no writer in modern times who can show any series of dedications so consistently felicitous in phrasing as those of Stevenson, whom some of us persist in regarding as a literary artist of some merit, in spite of a recent writer in *THE ATHENÆUM* who regards his absence as the chief essential of an anthology (as Mark Twain considered the absence of "The Vicar of Wakefield" constituted a good library), and would fling him to those dregs of humanity, the schoolmasters.

But at least we have rescued Literature from the taint of servility. If our dedications are poor, perfunctory things, we are upheld by the proud knowledge that those for whom they are written, so far from insulting us with payment, will expect presentation copies. And yet those old Patrons had their merits. If they had their share of vanity and liked their coat of arms and all their titles and more than all their virtues to be blazoned at large, it was a more dignified form of vanity than that which leads their successors to figure perpetually in the picture papers. They, and they alone, made possible an immense amount of historical research and procured the publication of innumerable parochial histories—often poor things according to modern standards, but often amazingly good considering the harassing conditions under which their compilers laboured. When I think of the future of historical research I am unable to see any hope for it unless we can revive the patron in some form; for publishers are still very much what they were three hundred years ago, when "they were not pleased with the benefit of a noble Art, unless it would pay more than the freight. O the times when the pains of learned men are valued at the price the work will be sold for, and the money that must be laid out for ink and paper, or by the depraved opinion of the vulgar (who commonly applaud what is worst), and not by the essence of the thing itself or dignity of the subject or the solid explanation of the same." When I think of the books that I might write myself I am tempted to make friends with the modern Unrighteous Mammon, even the profiteer, and, provided he give me a free hand with the matter of the book, to throw him his bone of adulation and, with my tongue discreetly in my cheek, assure him that my highest ambition is to earn his praise, and that, like the ingenious Gaffarel, "If I arrive but to this, I shall esteeme my selfe doubly Happy; having beene already long since so, in having the liberty to call my selfe, My Lord [or Sir, or even Madam], your most Humble and Obedient Servant."

L. F. SALZMAN.

## Poetry

### AFTER READING A FRIEND'S LETTER ABOUT PRAYER

For me is such a table set?  
Shall such a gate receive me?  
For I am scarred and shamed, and yet  
Nor scars nor shame can grieve me.  
I come from a dear and desert shore  
With dancing stars my feet before,  
Shall these my friends forget me, or  
Shall yours—believe me?

Yet I confess that, at your door,  
My stars—did leave me . . .

The gates are stark and beautiful  
As are the brows of Mary,  
The golden bolt is light to pull,  
And yet my feet are wary.  
Between a sword and another sword  
I see the garden of the Lord,  
And young saints treading in accord  
A path that may not vary.

A million saints in a marching horde,  
But never—a fairy . . .

There stand the trees defensive. There  
Your cautious God encloses  
In a siege of lanced lavender  
Dark fortresses of roses.  
Your cautious God has paved his gate  
With half a score of very strait  
Expensive tablets, hewn in hate  
And righteousness by Moses.

How decorous, how desolate,  
The art—of Moses . . .

But spider stars have woven snares  
And snared my inmost being,  
And you, who bade me share your prayers,  
Must stand reproachful, seeing  
Your guest, who, for a moment, crossed  
Your threshold at so great a cost,  
By stars and storms now torn and tossed,  
Fleeing . . . and fleeing . . .

Forever blind, forever lost,  
Forever—fleeing . . .

STELLA BENSON.

### MEMORY

Strange, how a sweet or sudden scent,  
Faint with forgotten childhood, brings  
From churlish Time's dead continent  
Remembered things:

How some old, half-heard melody  
Draws up the adamantine steep  
A younger earth, a happier sky  
Out of the deep.

Rest in your dim Sicilian Grove,  
Dear Ghost of old Archimedes:  
With all your art you could not move  
Such worlds as these.

GERARD HOPKINS.

## REVIEWS

## A POET OF THE MOON

THE MOON. By J. C. Squire. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. net.)

MR. SQUIRE is probably the best known of our younger poets, if we understand that phrase as it is generally used, of poets who were unknown to the large public before the first Georgian anthology appeared. Mr. Squire was not represented in that volume of the collection, though he has since become the heart and soul of it. Therefore in him we have to consider a singularly rapid rise into poetical fame and authority. While others of his generation hope for the hundred pounds of the Hawthornden Prize, he helps to award it. He is more than a poet, he is a *chef d'école*. We welcome the opportunity of considering his case with a more detailed care than we have hitherto had occasion to exert upon it. We have always been persuaded that it was an interesting case in itself, apart from the impressiveness of the position which Mr. Squire has come to hold as arbiter and foremost representative of modern English poetry.

The length of "The Moon" in its present form is 310 lines in ten-line stanzas. The poem is in the main a long invocation to the moon. The poet, beholding the rising moon, remembers that it shines with equal radiance over other parts of England than that upon which he is standing. He evokes memories of other moons which he has seen; and of the forms under which the moon was worshipped by past generations of men. So he comes to the contemplation of the antiquity of the moon itself, that watched the earth before life began and will watch it when earthly life has ended.

What will strike the reader of Mr. Squire's recent poetry is that this theme combines two themes upon which he has lately built. In the "Rivers" the contemplation of a river suggested to the poet that there were many rivers in the world which he had not seen, and was reluctantly forced to believe he never would see; in the "Birds" he austere reflected that bird life had the same sufficient perfection as it has to-day long before *homo sapiens* came on the planetary scene. It is possible that the poet's palæontology was a little uncertain here; but there is not much doubt about the comparative age of the moon. We can see therefore the trend of the poet's thought. Man exists for but a little while, and his life is restricted to a single point of space; not merely eternity, but omnipresence eludes him.

It cannot be denied that these thoughts, if held with passion, and given substance by imaginative intuition, are of the kind which may inspire the magnificent and desolating poetry of a Lucretius, or the transcendental self-abnegation of Shelley's

The One remains, the many change and pass;  
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly . . .

Moreover, we can conceive the moon as the apt symbol of the eternal silence out of which life rose and into which it will return again. There was, in short, no *prima facie* reason why another, a new, and a good poem should not have been written on this theme, if it had been kept distinct and vivid, and felt with urgency.

Mr. Squire's moon, however, resembles one of Jupiter's in this, that it needs other moons to keep it going. The poet's vision of it immediately suggests to him

Many another moon in many a sky,

and in many a poem, we are almost constrained to add, for our poet is eminently literary. Whether it is that literary reminiscences lie in ambush for the native movement of his mind, or that the fundamental idea of his

poem was unexpectedly sterile in suggestion, the fact is that we are quickly lost in a maze of moons. We have not merely the moons which the poet remembers, and those which were there before he arrived on earth, but pictorial moons and personified moons, moons that are there to look into men's "naked hearts," and moons that cannot help themselves from being implicated in events that hardly concern them. For, if the moon is a mere eye, there is no gainsaying that it has looked down upon half the events of human history. And if Napoleon's memories were "moon-coloured," then there is no reason to suppose Mr. John Stuart Mill's were not of the same colour. And though it is doubtless true that

Cities and hosts and emperors departed  
Under the steady moon,

it is equally true, and equally profound, to say that they departed under the sun. Half of them did, anyhow.

Thus, the poet has had to contend with a serious initial difficulty. He appears to have been misty about his own idea, uncertain of his own poetic purpose, lacking in the single impulse which instinctively decides what ideas and perceptions are germane to it and what are not. The leading idea is not allowed to lead; it is enfeebled by a host of alien and devitalizing ramifications, with the result that when in the final stanza the poet cries,

And so, pale wanderer, thou leavest me  
Passing beyond imagination's range,

we have a curious feeling that the moon has never been within it. There has been no contact, no *engrenage*, between the moon and the poet's imagination.

Where the basic idea of a predominantly intellectual poem is imperfectly and vaguely apprehended, there will the language be found lacking in precision, the texture sagging. Let us examine a characteristic stanza of "The Moon." The following is not torn from its context. Beyond that it is one of the many moons which the poet has seen, it does not depend upon the stanza that precedes or that which follows.

There was a moon that shone above the ground  
Where on a grassy forest height I stood;  
Bright was that open space, and all around  
The dense discovered tree-tops of the wood,  
Line after line, in misty radiance glistened  
Failing away. I watched the scene and listened,  
Then, awed and hushed, I turned and saw alone,  
Protruding from the middle of the mound,  
Fringed with close grass, a moonlight-mottled stone,  
Rough-carven, of antiquity unknown.

The scene—we use the word in the sense which Coleridge declared to be proper to poetry—is a little obscure. How the poet got into the open space without seeing that protruding stone is not quite clear. Perhaps he had been waiting in the dark for the moon to rise. In that case, he was lucky not to have barked his shins against it. However that may be, the stone had escaped him somehow. The sudden vision of it in the moonlight made a profound impression upon him.

He has not communicated this impression, because his language is not precise. "Above the ground." Of course, but why worry to say so? A moon that shone below the ground would be truly remarkable. If those dense tree-tops were really "discovered," the radiance could not have been so very "misty"; and even if it had not been, "line after line" is not the way they would have showed themselves. And why "failing away"? Is that a Carrollian compound of "fading" and "falling"? "I turned and saw alone." But we had no reason to suspect that anyone was with the poet. Our first idea was that it was a printer's error for "a stone"; but that comes lower down. "Protruding." Tongues and stomachs protrude; the word is ugly in sound and discordant in suggestion. "The middle of the mound"

was the precise place where we imagined the poet to be standing. "*Close grass*" is ambiguous. Does it mean the stone was closely fringed, or the grass close-cropped? "*Moonlight-mottled*" should mean "mottled by moonlight," which is not the effect a clear moon would have shining full on a stone, even though it were "rough-carven."

It may be said that such criticism is niggling. But it is precisely this looseness, redundancy and inaccuracy of language which makes the stanza as a whole vague and ineffective, and awakens a stubborn scepticism of the reality of the experience described in it. And when these weaknesses recur through the poem, the suspicion hardens into certainty that it is not really a poem, because it did not have its origin in any compulsive emotion, but was the outcome of a desire to write poetry rather than the urgent need to express a perception.

But even a poetical exercise is worth while, if the poet is perpetually on his guard against a mere verbal self-deception. In this respect we think the poet of "*The Moon*" is embarrassed by the very richness of his equipment. His mind is so well stored with poetry that he has more difficulty than the ordinary poet in avoiding the slippery path of unconscious reminiscence:

all waters lie  
Oily, and there is not a bird that sings . . .  
O all this life that stained earth's patient crust  
Time's dying breath will have blown away like dust!

We think also that the poet should have been aware of the curious infelicity of the new material which he has provided for life to stain. At other times the reminiscence is more general. Thus in the middle of two consecutive stanzas we find

The roses die, each day fresh flowers are springing,  
Last year it was another blackbird singing,

which is semi-Masefield, and

How perfect then had been the revelation  
When first her gradual gold illumination  
Broke on a night upon the conscious child,

which is semi-Wordsworth. Then we have a frequent failure to realize an image. Moonlight is "flung on the silken waters like a spear"; fairy moons are "phantoms of palest pink in palest blue"; a tranquil river "is not shaken by a quiver." Then there is a tendency towards a slight distortion of words. Towns are "folded" (enfolded); Endymion is "lapt" in the moon's radiant arms; a "bronze diffusion" is "shed by moons unseen"; "Dreamers and dream, they all will have gone over."

This means that Mr. Squire has as yet no style. The result follows from the cause. Style comes from having something to express, and expressing it with all possible precision. It is not enough to desire to express the moon; that is as unprofitable as to cry for it. One must have some vivid and urgent perception of the moon, and for signs of this we have looked carefully and in vain.

On the other hand, we recognize gratefully that "*The Moon*" is a sustained and serious attempt to recapture a dignity of emotion and attitude. That it has failed is perhaps of less importance than that the attempt should have been made. It is no small thing for a poet of repute nowadays to come out into the open, concealing nothing, declaring his sentiments without reserve. It needs courage and a willingness to face the severest criticism. These are, in our opinion, virtues of peculiar value at the present time, and we should be giving our readers an inadequate notion of our attitude towards "*The Moon*," if we did not insist that they should be fully and freely recognized.

J. M. M.

A NEW volume of Poems by Mr. W. H. Davies will shortly be published by Mr. Fifeild.

## A PROUD TITLE

THE CREAM OF CURIOSITY. By Reginald L. Hine. (Routledge, 12s. 6d. net.)

THE world has almost forgotten John Timbs, that invincible antiquary, with his hundred volumes of anecdotes, things not generally known, facts often overlooked and all the shadowy memoranda which nobody memorizes. Curious sir, how many a nice punctilio did you draw from the archives! What odd information had you to offer! And now, what are you but a literary curiosity? Or what is curiosity? Is it among the virtues? Mysterious essence that, crying for remembrance, yet demands not to be remembered: a Narcissus pining itself to a shadow. At least, there is one curiosity of incident (as when the German naturalist, walking by a brickyard pond, scared a great pike: who, shooting away like a javelin, struck his head upon a sunken post, and whirling round and round the surface in agony, at last leaped out on the bank; whereon the savant, feeling the dislocated bone in the creature's skull, carefully pressed it into its place, and restored the giant to his element, earning by this benevolence the recognition and affection of the patient for the rest of his days). There is another curiosity of temperament—the young Victorian, whose name escapes us, recorded in his diary "June 7. Killed a young girl. Fine and warm." There is another of statistics, which includes the Bacon theory and Wisden's Almanac. Indeed, curiosity is a Proteus.

Then what is to be made of such a title as "*The Cream of Curiosity*"? It has the air of claiming too much. Hazlitt and Lamb may truly have "skimmed the cream of criticism," but they say nothing of their supremacy in this Timbsian trade, though Lamb "was for making out a list of persons famous in history that one would wish to see again: at the head of whom were Pontius Pilate, Sir Thomas Browne and Dr. Faustus." In truth, it is difficult to see why these fifteen studies of MSS. of the past three centuries should arrogate to themselves such peculiar honour. They are rarities, they do not (save one or two) wear the aristocratic mien of curiosity.

The poetry of Gobbio may pass as of the chosen race. Gobbio, a contemporary of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and congener of Della Crusca and Anna Matilda, was encouraged by the smile of beauty to continue an early vein of romantic verse. He by his practice reproves those who consider matter nothing, manner everything: when he rhapsodizes "On seeing a nest, of goldfinches reared by a cock canary," "On parting from a beautiful young girl to see Mr. Pitt lie in state," or "On Mr. Pinchen's annual, aquatic excursion," with such themes how can he go wrong? Then there is a slight anthology of epitaphs, which vary from the entirely appropriate to the entirely absurd:

YARDLEY.  
When this you see remember me  
And think now I am gone  
You may walk out and seek about  
And not find such a one.

PHILIPS NORTON, SOMERSET.  
Here lies I—Here lies she  
Hallelujah, Hallelujee.

Mr. Hine gives us also a not un-Eliaan essay on the Rise and Fall of the Umbrella, and the sentimental, charming diary of a little girl of 1866; but for the most part the manuscripts which he prints are heavy work. Nor is he always over-happy in the presentation of his documents: the humour drags, and the language (unwilling to resolve itself) runs into such idle words as "scribatoriously," "so ineradicably grave," "insectiferous," "epitaphee," and so on. Yet he deserves well of readers in general; he sets a liberal example for other owners of MSS.; and his book is in its externals one of the best for many months.



## GEORGE CLIFFORD, PEER AND PRIVATEER

GEORGE, THIRD EARL OF CUMBERLAND, 1558-1605: HIS LIFE AND HIS VOYAGES. By Dr. G. C. Williamson. (Cambridge University Press. 25s. net.)

SOME lovers of art, who only pretend to be connoisseurs on Blake's warranty as "not having been connoisseured out of their senses," hold that successful portrait-painting, if not the highest and certainly not the most delightful species of the genus, is in some ways the most wonderful. To get so far into the "abysmal deeps of" another person's "personality" that you can reproduce them for third parties is a rather mysterious feat. At any rate, it is by no means a common one in painting itself; and the general acknowledgment of the rarity of good literary biographies seems to show that there also it is not precisely what everybody can do. One is afraid that Dr. Williamson has not quite shown himself the magician in this life of George of Cumberland. One reads a good deal about him, and still more about his voyages, as indeed the sub-title promises. There are extracts from his letters, and statements (sometimes rather allusive than explicit) about his domestic affairs. But we get—at least the present reviewer candidly confesses that *he gets*—little grip of the Earl, if any at all.

We do, however (and it is not a paltry sum to be put to Dr. Williamson's credit), get a wrong idea corrected. One may have read a good deal about Cumberland, without pretending to have gone to original sources, in many modern authors from Southey to Mr. Oppenheim and Sir Julian Corbett and Mr. David Hannay. But nothing is more likely to stick in the memory than the sketch of the Earl in one of the most brilliant passages of "Westward Ho!" where he is depicted sitting at the head of the table at the "Pelican" feast—stately and gorgeously dressed, as one fancies, but ticketed as having "tried many an adventure in foreign parts, and failed in all of them, apparently for the simple reason that instead of going himself he sent other people." Dr. Williamson helps the fancy here, for he gives us more than one figure of the Earl, including a frontispiece of extraordinary magnificence, wherein only the tilting-spear which the hero holds prevents one from wondering whether he is an Indian god or an Aztec prince. But his book shows, in more detail than any single modern one, to what an extent Kingsley's familiar demon of inaccuracy got the better of him here. Out of Cumberland's round dozen of "adventures," he "went himself" on about half. And as to "failing in all of them," the capture of the "Madre de Dios"—which, after one of the most astounding Odysseys of loot on record (the prize-crew sold purloined goods at every port on their way to England, and right along the Channel coast from Dartmouth to London), realized eighty thousand pounds for pepper alone, while thousands and thousands of precious stones were valued in parcels and single examples at from half a million ducats to two hundred pounds—was not exactly a failure. Also, the fighting at Fayal, Tercera, Porto Rico and elsewhere, was certainly at least creditable; and if Cumberland's warning had been attended to, the magnificent disaster of the "Revenge" would have been averted.

It may, of course, be admitted that there was an odd combination of patriotism and piracy about the whole business; but then this is exactly the sort of imbroglio of temper and period and circumstance which the thoroughly expert biographer should make intelligible as a fact. This it can hardly be said that Dr. Williamson has done, though he has provided good store of material—canvas, paints, etc., let us say—for anybody who likes to set about making the picture for himself. Even here, however, Zoilus may find handles. We have many early

letters from Cumberland to his wife, Margaret Russell, whose pleasant, if not beautiful, face adorns the later pages of the book, and they are extremely affectionate; while just before his death there is another more affectionate still. But, between, there were, it seems, "unhappinesses." He "fell to love a Lady of Quality," says his daughter the famous Lady Anne Clifford, pupil of Daniel the poet, and afterwards Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery; and this, not unnaturally, "was the cause of many discontents between 'em for many years together." To which the biographer adds: "Common report had it she was a Stanley, and was young, comely and ambitious."

Now this, though perhaps it is a piece of the well-known critical impertinence to say so, is not the way to write biography. "Common Report" is well placed among the personages of a Morality or an Interlude; but, unless we are furnished with more about him, his evidence is as "what the soldier said" in history, whether general or personal. Where did Dr. Williamson get his common report? It would seem *not* from Countess Anne. Did Common Report supply no Christian (or un-Christian) name to this earlier Venetia? It did not require Common Report to tell us that she was probably young when Earl George fell in love with her, and that, at any rate in his eyes, she was comely; it would appear so independently by the general facts of the story. It is likely that she was ambitious; for Cumberland was rich, of the best blood and highest rank in the kingdom, and in favour with the Queen, though she dealt out to him the same sharp practice that she showed to others. So Common Report's obliging communications carry us very little further.

Let no one object that this is mere carping or mere appetite for scandal, if not about Queen Elizabeth, about one of her peers and paladins. The present writer is not really anxious to hear anything more about Miss or Mrs., Lady, or Lady Something, Stanley. He merely wishes to point out that this is a loose way of writing history, and that there should have been, in text or footnote, a reference to the precise statement, whatever it was, that Dr. Williamson had in mind. Nor is this by any means the only example of such looseness in the book. It gives us, however, a plentiful collection of interesting fact, much of it cited from the original sources, and not a little printed for the first time, admirably illustrated not merely with portraits, but with maps, armorial bearings, facsimiles of handwriting, etc., the whole supplying a magazine of detail about a period, the interest of which can never die. Some of these details, too, suggest agreeable comparisons, as, for instance, the episode of the "Madre de Dios" with that of the Bergen prize which brought so much trouble on my Lord Sandwich, and so much profit to Mr. Samuel Pepys.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

REIMS and her Cathedral were familiar in the *communiqués* throughout the war, and, like the other landmarks of the fighting man's countryside, paid dearly for the distinction. It seems inevitable that the town just behind the line shall be liberally bombarded. In normal trench warfare, perhaps, a sort of silent understanding exists between the interested parties; and the transport may bring up the rations on either side night after night without "sweating blood." Activity started, or suspected, times change, and large weights of metal are propelled towards any centre of movement; buildings are thus frequently disturbed. Apart from the battles, M. Landrieux tells us in his "Cathedral of Reims" (Kegan Paul, 21s. net), 1,051 shells fell in Reims during the war, of which 257 hit the Cathedral. Considering that the German batteries were only a mile or two outside the city, this seems by comparison with Ypres or Verdun anything but a reign of horror. "The Cathedral still stands," says M. Landrieux, "and its worst wounds are not mortal." As an illustrated record of its partial destruction his book is not likely to be superseded.

## PSEUDO-BLAKE

WILDERNESS: A JOURNAL OF QUIET ADVENTURE IN ALASKA. By Rockwell Kent. With Drawings by the Author. (Putnam. 25s. n.)

TO spend a winter in Alaska requires, if one may judge from Mr. Kent's journal, more hardihood and an intenser belief in the beauties of the strenuous life than most of us possess. It needs a sort of Berserk rage, an almost insanely furious energy to affront the North. You must go armed against it, you must battle with it unceasingly for your bare existence. For us Paradise has always lain to the southward, in warm islands, where every prospect pleases and only the European intruder is vile. But Mr. Kent, who lives, he tells us, in a spiritual "land of striding heroes," prefers a more bracing Eden, an Eden where it is possible to stride and be heroic. For him Alaska is the place, and in this volume we have the fruits of his sojourn in that bleak Paradise. Mr. Kent's journal makes pleasant and easy reading; but it is obvious enough that the letterpress in this rich volume is little more than an excuse for the drawings. It is as a pictorial artist that Mr. Kent asks for criticism and admiration, not as a writer.

If Blake had never lived, the art of Rockwell Kent would not have been what it is. There is no harm in that. One painter or writer may borrow from another and remain in his art completely original. Artistic borrowing is only harmful when the borrower turns the master's characteristic gesture—the expression of some individual habit of mind—into a convention, adding to it nothing significant of his own. And this is surely what has happened here. Mr. Kent has taken from Blake's art its most obviously striking peculiarities. He throws his figures into Blakian attitudes of energy and violent motion. He outlines them with light, as Blake did when he wished to express symbolically the greatness and divinity of the human soul. He is fond of surrounding them with the same starry symbols of grandeur. All of Blake that can be made into a convention he has conventionalized. But when we look for the force that can turn a convention into living art, we look almost in vain. Compare one of Mr. Kent's drawings with one of Blake's, and you will at once be struck by its artistic poverty. It is not merely the grandeur of Blake's religious ideas that moves one to admire his pictures. It is also their purely æsthetic quality, the profound beauty and originality of their composition. Blake's ideas may leave one cold, but one can still be deeply moved by his pictures. It is the æsthetic quality of his work that makes Blake a great artist. And it is precisely the lack of it that makes us deny the title to Mr. Kent. He is content with the crude composition of the magazine illustrator; at his best he can produce a good stage effect. But the pure beauty of form in such a composition as Blake's "Death of the Strong Wicked Man" is utterly beyond his attainment. His figures move against an invariable background of conventionalized mountain peaks—a background so entirely otiose, so entirely without æsthetic significance, that no artist interested in the creation of beauty by form could suffer its haphazard presence.

Van Gogh once painted a picture of a common bedroom chair. It seems an unexciting subject; but there is more spiritual energy in that chair, more flame-like, radiant vitality than in the most heroically planned of Mr. Kent's compositions of demi-gods. Van Gogh's secret is, like Blake's, an æsthetic secret. Until Mr. Kent has learned that secret his drawings will be no more than pictorial fustian.

A. L. H.

THE third "Decadal Index of Book-Prices Current" is announced for immediate publication. We are inclined to agree with the claim of the publishers that it is indispensable.

## SENSATIONAL STORIES

THE NEW DECAMERON: SECOND DAY. (Oxford, Blackwell, 6s. net.)

CRISES. By Maurice Level. Translated by A. E. Macklin. (E. Macdonald. 6s. net.)

THE authors of the "New Decameron," who now present us with the incidents and tales of the second day, are gleefully intent upon amusing, startling, puzzling and shocking us, and proceed upon their undertaking with youthful ardour and considerable effect. In spite of serious inequalities in the work, the total result is undoubtedly entertaining.

The touring-party whose adventures form the setting of the stories is conducted to a French country-house by the wiles of the egregious Turpin, acting on the persuasion of his mysterious accomplice, the "Baron." That adventures of no common order await them there we gather from the fact that, when the last tale of the day has been told, and the travellers sit on the terrace in the darkness, wondering what time it may be, and counting the strokes of the château clock, that timepiece behaves in an unusual, even an alarming, manner; and, simultaneously, "every light in the château was blotted out." It will be perceived that this incident, occurring at the very end of the second day, is sufficiently tantalizing.

The first three stories in the book are not very successful: the Courier might impress us more with a sense of his vast acquaintance with shady persons and resorts if he showed less anxiety to do so; the Lady of Fashion is more effectively indecorous, but since the climax of her story is more or less foreseen, it merely emphasizes unduly a commonplace scandal; the Master-Printer is clumsy and ineffective.

The Psychic Researcher tells an uncanny story of lost memory with considerable charm and skill; and the Detective's Friend does, well enough, what is expected of him. The Bureaucrat's Second Tale, of the hungry ragamuffin who steals a piece of cake and is pursued by outraged society until he finds unexpected refuge in *Salvator Street*, is perhaps the best of the prose narratives. The Priest's Tale and the Poet's Tale are in verse: in the former the ballad style is handled with pleasant and humorous effect; the latter is the most interesting literary achievement in the book. The poet, stranded at a hotel in a provincial town, and suffering from that arid lapse of the imagination which befalls poets, listens at his open window to the stories told by one of a mysterious group of three who occupy an adjoining room. More than the tales themselves, the atmosphere of the place and incidents, the curious effect of all on the poet's mind, arrest and hold us.

In all the stories there is evidence of careful workmanship, a preoccupation with literary means which is highly satisfactory save when it aims at effect with too unchastened self-consciousness. The Courier sins most flagrantly in this respect, but the fear of simplicity which marks the tiro is rather noticeable throughout. The tabulated "Press Opinions of the 'First Day'" at the end of the book should not be missed; they are an amusing item of our entertainment.

"Crises," ably translated from the French of M. Maurice Level, is not, perhaps, a very successful collection of Tales of Mystery and Horror (for such its sub-title proclaims it to be). In general it makes too much of the mechanical device of placing its personages in excruciating situations, and presents these situations without atmosphere. There is a notable want of subtlety in the composition of these stories; once the situation is stated, we have little difficulty in most cases of anticipating the crisis. But if these stories are weak in the particular of mystery, and somewhat crude in that of horror, they show power of observation and skill in conveying partial truths by the rather old-fashioned photographic process known as realism.

F. W. S.

## PRESIDENT WILSON

PRESIDENT WILSON. By Daniel Halévy. Translated from the French by Hugh Stokes. (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

WE judge that M. Halévy in writing this book was hampered by a grave sense of responsibility. He realized that an analysis of President Wilson must also be, to some extent, an analysis of America, and that the international relations [October, 1917] made it advisable that such a task should be performed with delicacy. M. Halévy displayed the requisite delicacy, and his book thoroughly merits the epithets "wise insight" and "sober sagacity" bestowed on it by the cover wrapper; these same qualities make it also just a little dull. We are given a great number of facts, a great deal of balanced and judicial description and very little genuine comment. Occasionally, very occasionally, M. Halévy gives a little flick to a sentence, and we see, for a flash, a smile of scepticism or a sneer of contempt mar the impassive outlines of his gravely respectful countenance. In the main, however, he has been content to present President Wilson from the "public figure" point of view, describing his progress from the Presidency of Princeton to the Governorship of New Jersey and thence to the Presidency of the United States in the non-human manner appropriate to such conventions. We are shown that President Wilson was always a "profound student" of political institutions, that the abstractions of political theory had an abiding fascination for him, and that by suitably combining some of these entities into a "programme" he considered that he provided a useful instrument for increasing the welfare of his country.

The actual relations between these theories and the needs and desires of a community of living men and women do not seem to have received any great degree of attention. Like all statesmen of high moral principles and with a liking for clear, logical ideas, President Wilson in his scheme of government gave expression to his own moral nature and to his emotional, perhaps æsthetic, predilections. In his description of the President, therefore, M. Halévy does well to emphasize his Puritan ancestry and to describe his religious assumptions. Further, the President's liking for order and his strong taste for personal dominion caused him to elaborate a theory of liberty which M. Halévy calls Cæsarism and which is not, in effect, to be distinguished from the Prussian conception of the State. He defined liberty in a way which subordinated the individual to the mass and ensured to the popular representative of that mass the maximum amount of unfettered authority. A nation, he declared, was like a yacht in that its progress was assured only by unlimited obedience to the forces impelling it. This conception, it is true, raises a number of questions, but M. Halévy confines himself to remarking that it is a conception which would have greatly astonished the liberal thinkers of the nineteenth century.

The whole of the metamorphosis from Governor of New Jersey to President of the United States is treated by M. Halévy with ironic reserve. His parenthetical description of the American people, "illiterate, streaked with Calabrian, Syrian, and Croat blood," is a sufficient indication of the attitude in which he listens to the clamour of the First Presidential Campaign, and the intense gravity of his formal narrative is further illuminated by the way in which he announces Wilson's adoption by the Democratic Party. "When declared candidate his name was acclaimed by cheering which lasted for an hour and a quarter. This was a good omen. It was remembered, however, that when Bryan was selected as candidate in 1908 the cries, stampings, and bravos had continued for one hour and twenty-seven minutes." But the abrupt change from the somewhat

cold and aristocratic "historic realist" of New Jersey to the thoroughly "democratic" candidate for popular favour is referred by M. Halévy to opportunism, or, as he puts it, "the true instinct of public life." The change bewildered Mr. Wilson himself, and, in reply to an inquiry, he attributed it to his Scotch and Irish blood, an explanation which leaves M. Halévy asking, "Why did this remote hereditary strain slumber so long?"

Now here, it seems to us, was M. Halévy's opportunity, and his retirement into a merely ironic reserve, the product, doubtless, of a sense of responsibility, definitely lames his book. M. Halévy sees clearly enough that in this "transformation" we probably have the key to Wilson; it is possible that a right reading of this event would enable us to understand the mystery of Wilson's behaviour at and since the Peace Conference. The "opportunist" theory perhaps explains everything, but we cannot believe it. We must believe that Wilson was sincere, and our task is to explain the discrepancy between his professions and his acts. A study of Wilson's character which does not enable us to do that is worthless. We think that the elements of a possible explanation lie in M. Halévy's book. We must remember that in President Wilson we have a man who, from his youth up, was a student and writer on political theory. As a boy of twenty-three he writes an article, serious, gravely argued, on the government of the United States. From a very early age he has been in complete possession of his political principles. He is, further, a very reserved man, knowing few people and seeking nobody's advice. He has no interest in the ideas of other people. For very many years, he says, he has read no serious book—only detective-stories can hold his mind.

Now we have here, surely, an extreme case of the self-sufficient, academic mind. This man feels no need of *experience*; the reasonings of the solemn, bookish youth are valid to the more than middle-aged President. The reality which should condition political theories is human nature, and to the academic mind this reality is sufficiently expressed by a few simple formulæ. His thinking consists in the judicious and logical ordering of deductions from these emasculated elements. A religion that M. Halévy calls "calvinistic," and whose great merit is its simplicity, provides the values against which human institutions are to be judged. Such a man, seriously moved by theories and exceptionally insensitive to experience, could conceivably live a life of complete loyalty to his own dream-world and yet appear an ambiguous object in real life. We submit it as a possibility that President Wilson, always logical and sincere, never knew what he was doing and will never know what he has done. His exceptional strength of character, the powerful impulse which led him to seek authority, brought this academic theorist into the practical world. The chess-men of his favourite occupation gave place to living men and women, but the college Professor who became a President did not realize there had been a change. In the normal circumstances of peace it is probable that this ignorance produced no ill effects; politics, at such times, is sufficiently irrelevant to be harmless. But the power of politicians is enormously increased during war, and the irrelevancy of their occupation then becomes very dangerous. The illuminating catastrophe of the war did not enlighten Mr. Wilson. He remained high-principled, sincere, theoretical. At Versailles he was concerned to preserve intact his theoretical structure, to maintain his principles. That he genuinely succeeded in this we need not doubt. That the practical counterpart of such a theoretical victory should look like a defeat is not surprising; it might look like anything. For the foundations of the theory are myths.

J. W. N. S.



## KINGDOM AND HOUSEHOLD

CHAPTERS IN THE ADMINISTRATIVE HISTORY OF MEDIEVAL ENGLAND.  
By T. F. Tout. Vols. I. and II. (Manchester, University Press; London, Longmans. 18s. net each.)

PROFESSOR TOUT is now the chief link between the younger generation of historical scholars and the great days of Stubbs. He is ever in the van of historical inquiry, breaking new ground, pointing out new fields of work, encouraging the beginner and the diffident; but in these days of specialism he has never forgotten the more spacious period of scholarship. He is still under its influence. And this is why, to a book packed with new material and highly technical in character, he has been able to give the quality of fine and significant history. These chapters in administrative history are much more than a contribution to knowledge, much more than a sure guide to difficult and often repellent material. Very few scholars possess the courage and persistence which have enabled him to grapple with such a vast mass of uncharted documents; and probably he alone could both master it and use it with insight and imagination, in a constructive work. Limited in range though it is, this book is not unworthy of a place beside the "Constitutional History of England."

The history of the book, as told by Mr. Tout himself, is characteristic. Bishop Stubbs sat down to write a systematic treatise. Mr. Tout's *magnum opus* had its origin in a mood of almost casual curiosity, awakened ten years ago by the essay of a young French scholar upon the use or "diplomatic" of the small seals which the English kings used in their correspondence—the privy seal, the secret seal, the signet. A desire to clear up a few obscure points in English diplomatic of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries led him to explore the untouched treasures of the Public Record Office. The next step was a reconstruction of the royal household—in particular, of its administrative offices, the chamber and wardrobe, and of their instruments, the small seals. Hence the sub-title of the work—"The Wardrobe, the Chamber, and the Small Seals." To a scholar with Mr. Tout's wide knowledge of European history in the later Middle Ages such an inquiry was full of suggestion; and so his book reached its present form—a survey of English administration, almost a revision of English political and constitutional history, from the Norman Conquest to the death of Richard II.

One thinks of the fourteenth chapter of the first book of the "Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy":

Could a historiographer drive on his history, as a muleteer drives on his mule,—straight forward;—for instance, from Rome all the way to Loreto, without ever once turning his head aside either to the right hand or to the left,—he might venture to foretell you to an hour when he should get to his journey's end:—but the thing is, morally speaking, impossible: For, if he is a man of the least spirit he will have fifty deviations from a straight line to make with this or that party as he goes along, which he can no ways avoid. . . . There are archives at every stage to be looked into, and rolls, records, documents, and endless genealogies, which justice ever and anon calls him back to stay the reading of.

Needless to say, the parallel is intended to illustrate the manner in which Mr. Tout has pursued his inquiries, not the form in which he has put his conclusions. There is no better way of studying history, none so profitable, or so compelling, or so humane. When the search is directed by a vigorous common-sense and an alert and lively understanding, it breeds a spirit of confidence which is imparted in due course to the reader. As he reads this book the student may sometimes feel that he is in strange country; but he will always feel safe. Such a sense of security will come not from the soothing influence of the careful, balanced, well-documented pages, but from the knowledge that the guide is perfectly familiar with the realities behind.

In one of its aspects the mediæval State was the sphere of the royal household. The kingdom was the king's house. Outside a few small States this conception, of course, had no practical force, but in a limited sense it had much truth even in the largest communities. In England the turning-point of our history was reached, not when the great departments of State—the chancery, for example, or the office of the privy seal—were detached from the migratory Court—nor even when the council in its widest sense acquired an organization as Parliament with independent privileges, but when the prerogative itself, the reserve and source of power, went, as the mediæval phrase has it, "out of court." All mediæval efforts to capture this power failed. The opportunity came when, under the Tudors, domestic authority was shared with the Privy Council; and the opportunity was seized when, in the reign of Charles II., Parliament got decisive influence over the composition of the Privy Council, or rather of the operative part of it. The story begins in Lord Clarendon's autobiography. From this time the process of controlling the prerogative through the Cabinet advanced rapidly; and of recent years scholars have gradually made us acquainted with it. It is bound up with new conceptions of the State, and was probably influenced more or less consciously by the experience of new political forms, such as the Republic of Venice. "These lords of the council," said the Venetian ambassador of Elizabeth's counsellors, "behave like so many kings"; and in 1598 some people in England, with a seriousness which would have been ludicrous in the Middle Ages, wished to be governed after the Queen's death "as one of the popular Italian States." Now it is the great merit of Professor Tout's book that it explains why the domestic interpretation of the prerogative was so natural and invulnerable in mediæval England. It survived in the face of several rival theories (for most of our political fancies have their roots in the Middle Ages), partly because the weight of practice and tradition was on its side, partly because it alone could meet the practical demands of Government. Indeed, these two reasons are at bottom identical. Some of the most interesting parts of the book are those in which Professor Tout shows how the Popes and the French kings—the two most powerful foreign influences on mediæval England—organized their Governments on lines very similar to those followed by the English kings; and how in the nature of things the household of every great bishop or baron corresponded, on a simpler scale, to the royal household. Government was the art of estate management.

The two volumes which have appeared are mainly concerned with the reigns of Edward I. and Edward II. The detailed study of this period, which has long been very familiar to Professor Tout, is preceded by an introductory survey, first of the material of study, then of the development of the household before the death of Henry III. This part of the book is necessarily more tentative, but Mr. Tout shows clearly that from King John's time, if not earlier, the royal wardrobe possessed several of the attributes of a department of State. Although the chancellor was still an intimate, as well as the principal and most dignified, exponent of the king's will, his work was becoming more formal and specialized. For the quick give-and-take of every day some other agent, more directly, more essentially related to the household, was required. Yet it is only in Edward I.'s reign that the organization of the wardrobe, and the range of its powers, become clear. Professor Tout shows how the description in the lawbook known as *Fleta* is borne out by the records. The treasurer or keeper of the wardrobe, the controller who keeps the counter roll and also acts as keeper of the privy seal, the cofferer and clerks, are shown at work. There was not only the elaborate daily account, in which

the wardrobe officials acted in co-operation with the other departments of the household. The wardrobe in this reign was the office of the privy seal, and by means of letters of privy seal was an expression of the prerogative so far as this was not defined outside the household in the chancery, the exchequer, the courts of law. The household was war office, admiralty, and in many respects a ministry for home and foreign affairs. Professor Tout shows how, though at first sight the wardrobe's dependence upon the exchequer for funds and its obligation to present accounts to the exchequer suggest its inferiority, it was in reality under Edward's masterful control the spring of public action. The exchequer became a collecting office and passed on most of its revenue to the wardrobe, which raised and equipped armies, and sent out under privy seal instructions which in earlier times would have been issued by the chancellor. In the reign of Edward's son the very natural opposition to this tendency, which assisted the control of Government by unpopular favourites and courtiers, found repeated expression. The privy seal was entrusted to a separate keeper, and efforts were made to confine the operations of the wardrobe to household affairs. Reform was so much in the air that when Edward II. secured the support of a middle party, headed by the Earl of Pembroke, and afterwards by the Despencers, the authority of the exchequer was strengthened rather than confined, so that, in the later years of the reign, the prerogative was diffused, so to speak, through the whole machinery of State. Professor Tout brings out, more clearly than in his lectures on the "Place of Edward II. in English History," the fact that during this period royal administration was working more smoothly and coherently than it had ever worked before. But the royal will was ever impatient of such regular channels; it was already finding an outlet in the chamber, through letters under the "secret" seal. The process which had made the wardrobe so important was resumed, and in his later volumes the author will, from this point of view, reconstruct for us the history of Edward III. and Richard II. Scholars will look forward with eagerness, perhaps not untouched by anxiety, to the completion of the work. However novel and important the present volumes are, they deal with a comparatively well-worked field. In addition to Professor Tout's previous work, we have had the writings of Maitland and Mr. Conway Davies's treatise on the Baronial Opposition to Edward II.; but no really intelligible analysis of our history in the time of Edward III. has yet been written, and no one else is so competent as Professor Tout to write it.

It will be seen that the theme of these chapters is simple. The constitutional historians will be able to summarize their conclusions in a few paragraphs. But they contain much more than the elaboration of a thesis. The reader who cares to use his imagination a little will find in them a picture of mediæval politics—the daily activity of courts, the continuous relations between departments, the play of personality in the civil service, the amazing variety of ordered routine which made possible the movements of kings or the gathering of armies. All this side of our history, as essential as the study of Whitehall under Cromwell or of the War Cabinet during the recent war, has hitherto been neglected. Moreover, the book is a mine of information about the careers of obscure officials and the beginnings of public departments, about mediæval methods of bookkeeping, operations of credit (a particularly interesting excursus on this subject will be found in vol. ii. pp. 122-4) and minutiae of all sorts. Some years ago the late Professor Maitland, in praising Mr. Tout's untiring energy, spoke of his determination to leave no stone unturned. "Under the stone may lurk a toad with a jewel in its head." Bright little gems sparkle on many a page of this book.

One or two additions may be made to the meticulous list of errata: "ways" for "days" (i. 110), "phenomenon" for "phenomena" (i. 205), "term" for "form" (ii. 114n.). Professor Tout makes much use of a reference by Edward I. to his "private chancellor," whom he identifies with the Controller of the Wardrobe (i. 19, ii. 64); but it may be suggested that the scribe who copied this letter on the Gascon roll made a slip and wrote *sub sigillo cancellarii nostri privati*, when he should have written *sub sigillo cancellarii nostri privato*. In a letter sealed with the great seal the Bishop of Agen is informed that another document has been forwarded to him under the Chancellor's seal. There is a danger that, on the strength of a single doubtful instance, the phrase "private chancellor" may creep into the text-books.

Those who, like the writer of this notice, have been Professor Tout's pupils, will find it hard to regard his book with detachment. They will feel a sort of pride in its achievement, in the thought that it should have been written at all among duties so various, in the intervals of service so generously given. Even the small tricks of manner, the redundancies and quaintnesses of style, by recalling helpful asides in the class-room, will be greeted by them with a familiar pleasure. And they can be certain that their appreciation, biased though it may be, is not misplaced. Their judgment of the worth of this book will find an echo in the impartial verdict of many generations of scholars.

F. M. P.

THE LETTER AND THE SPIRIT. By M. G. Glazebrook. (Murray, 5s. net.)—Canon Glazebrook's work is a reply to the strictures made on an earlier book of his, "The Faith of a Modern Churchman," in the Bishop of Ely's little treatise "Belief and Creed." The principal matters dealt with are the legitimacy of a symbolical interpretation of the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection of the Flesh, the precise nature of St. Paul's beliefs about the Resurrection, and the question of doctrinal authority in the English Church. The Canon makes some shrewd criticisms on the thesis that the "historical clauses" of the Creed can be divided into two groups, one of which may be taken symbolically while the other may not; but he does not, we think, conclusively show that the distinction drawn by his critics is untenable, though hitherto they have no doubt expressed it in a confused form. His contention that the Pauline Epistles and the other New Testament documents must be interpreted in the light of the ideas and the literature of their period is indisputable, and his application of it to the matter in hand is in many ways illuminating, but he seems to us occasionally to attribute to St. Paul current notions which the Apostle did not necessarily hold. A painful feature of the book is its discourteous tone. It is hard to understand what ground Canon Glazebrook has for his evident feelings of injury and indignation. A good many Latitudinarians of the past (and High Churchmen of the present) would have been glad if their bishops had persecuted them with no more deadly weapon than pamphlets.

BRIEF biographies of notable women are being produced by the S.P.C.K. in a series known as "Pioneers of Progress: Women." The three volumes under notice give some account of Florence Nightingale, Dorothea Beale, and Elsie Inglis respectively. In spite of Mr. Strachey, the first opens, "She stands there—the grave, grey Lady"; yet the account of her life shows her as a less phantasmal figure, who derided theories of germ-infection and the existence of bacilli, and wanted to treat those in love as if they had scarlet fever. Miss Beale was in the same flight of great teachers as D'Arcy Thompson and Arnold. Her biographer claims for her an "apostolic ardour." Dr. Elsie Inglis will be remembered mainly for her splendid services in Serbia and Russia, but her whole life is an impressive story of vigour and enthusiasm.

These biographies are the work of capable writers. The format is good; the price of each volume 2s. 6d. net, or 3s. 6d. in cloth.

## ESTHER WATERS REVISITED

ESTHER WATERS. By George Moore. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d. net.)

**A**LTHOUGH conversation of the kind is seldom very fruitful, while young writers gather together it would be hard to find a topic more suited to their enthusiasm than "Who are, when all is said and done, our best writers to-day, and why do we think so?" Present-day literature consists almost entirely of poetry and the novel, and when it is the latter which has been under discussion; when there has been a furious rage of condemning, admiring, prophesying, upholding; when all is over and the participants have distributed to their satisfaction the laurel and the bay, it is not uncommon to hear, from a corner, an American or a French voice upraised: "But what about Mr. George Moore?" Of course; how strange! How difficult it is to explain how so distinguished a figure in modern letters comes to be forgotten! And even when we recall him to memory do we not see him dim, pale, shadowy, vanishing round this corner, disappearing behind that door, almost in the rôle of expert private detective to his novels rather than author, . . . This, too, in spite of his detachment and candour, taking into account the delighted retracing, retracking himself down, so to say, for which he is famous. We have no other writer who is so fond of talking of his art. So endless is his patience, so sustained his enthusiasm, we have the feeling that he cannot refrain from confiding in the stupid public, simply because he cannot keep silent. And yet—there is the strange fact. While we are engaged in reading Mr. George Moore's novels he is "there," but once they are put back on the shelves he has softly and silently vanished away until he is heard of again.

The publication of a new edition of "Esther Waters" provides an opportunity for seeking to understand this curious small problem. It is generally agreed that this novel is the best he has written, and the author himself has expressed his delight in it—"the book that among all other books I should have cared most to write, and to have written it so much better than I ever dreamed it could be written." "Esther Waters" is, on the face of it, a model novel. Having read it carefully and slowly—we defy anyone to race along or skip—from cover to cover, we are left feeling that there is not a page, paragraph, sentence, word, that is not the right, the only possible page, paragraph, sentence, word. The more we look into it, the more minute our examination, the deeper grows our amazement at the amount of sheer labour that has gone to its execution. Nothing from: "She stood on the platform watching the receding train," until the last pale sentence, the last quiet closing chord is taken for granted. How is it possible for Mr. George Moore to have gained such precise knowledge of the servants' life in Esther's first place unless he disguised himself as a kitchen-maid and plunged his hands into the cauliflower water? There is not a detail of the kitchen and pantry life at Woodview that escapes his observation; the description of the bedroom shared by Esther and the housemaid Margaret is as complete as though the author were preparing us for some sordid crime to be committed there. And this intensely scrupulous method, this dispassionate examination is continued without a break in the even flow of the narrative. Turn to the page of the heroine's seduction:—

The wheat stacks were thatching, and in the rickyard, in the carpenter's shop, and in the warm valleys, listening to the sheep-bells tinkling, they often lay together talking of love and marriage till one evening, putting his pipe aside, William threw his arm round her, whispering she was his wife.

"Putting his pipe aside!" Could anything express a nicer control, a cooler view of the emotional situation? It is only equalled by: "Soon after thoughts betook

themselves on their painful way, and the stars were shining when he followed her across the down, beseeching her to listen." It comes to this. There is not, in retrospect, one single page which is not packed as tightly as it can hold with whatever can be recorded. When we follow Esther to London here is the crown of the book. It is the London of that particular time preserved whole, a true "London of the water's edge"—a London of theatres, music-halls, wine-shops, public-houses. And it is the scene of the struggle of Esther Waters to be a good woman and to bring up her child against fearful odds. The life of a general servant—how sordid, how vulgar, how ignoble! What a trapesing up and down stairs and a turning-out of ugly rooms! Mr. Moore spares us none of it, and when her "luck changes," and, married to the man who seduced her, Esther has a home of her own, it is the centre of a low-class gambling lot. Could all this be more faithfully described than the author has described it? Could it possibly be more complete, more probable? The technique is so even, it is as though a violinist were to play the whole concerto in one stroke of the bow.

And yet we would say without hesitation that "Esther Waters" is not a great novel, and never could be a great novel, because it has not, from first to last, the faintest stirring of the breath of life. It is as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage. In a word it has no emotion. Here is a world of objects accurately recorded, here are states of mind set down, and here, above all, is that good Esther whose faith in her Lord is never shaken, whose love for her child is never overpowered—and who cares?

In the last year Jackie had taken much and given nothing. But when she opened Mrs. Lewis's door he came running to her, calling her Mummie; and the immediate preference he showed for her, climbing on her knees instead of on Mrs. Lewis's, was a fresh sowing of love in the mother's heart.

Do we not feel that to be the detective rather than the author writing? It is an arid, sterile statement. Or this:

But when they came to the smooth wide . . . roads . . . she put him down, and he would run along ahead, crying, "Tum for a walk, Mummie, tum along," and his little feet went so quickly beneath his frock that it seemed as if he were on wheels. She followed, often forced to break into a run, tremulous lest he should fall. . .

The image of the little feet on wheels is impossibly flat and cold, and "tremulous" is never the word for Esther—"trembling" or "all of a tremble"—the other word reveals nothing. What it comes to is that we believe that emotion is essential to a work of art; it is that which makes a work of art a unity. Without emotion writing is dead; it becomes a record instead of a revelation, for the sense of revelation comes from that emotional reaction which the artist felt and was impelled to communicate. To contemplate the object, to let it make its own impression—which is Mr. Moore's way in "Esther Waters"—is not enough. There must be an initial emotion felt by the writer, and all that he sees is saturated in that emotional quality. It alone can give incidence and sequence, character and background, a close and intimate unity. Let the reader turn to the scene where Sarah gets drunk because her horse has lost. It is a fearful scene, and so closely described that we might be at her elbow. But now Sarah speaks, now Esther, now William, and all is as cold and toneless as if it being read out of that detective's notebook again. It is supremely good evidence; nothing is added, nothing is taken away, but we forget it as soon as it is read for we have been given nothing to remember. Fact succeeds fact, and with the reflection that Esther and her husband "fell asleep, happy in each other's love, seeming to find new bonds of union in pity for their friend's misfortune," the scene closes. Is that all? No wonder we forget Mr. George Moore. To praise such work as highly as he does is to insult his readers' intelligence. K. M.



## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE HILLS OF MORNING. Poems by Wilfred Rowland Childe. (Leeds, Brierley. 2s. net.)—It must be nearly ten years now since Mr. Childe's first book, "The Little City," first appeared. The Little City, that homelier Gothic New Jerusalem set on a far-off hill, is still his strong place of spiritual refuge from the world. Happy are those who have possessed such a stronghold; the souls that have had to affront the world undefended have had a rude ordeal during these last six years. But in the midst of the horror and dark chaos Mr. Childe can find serenity and comfort in the thought that

In the country of Cammeraire no dock nor darnel grows,  
And many a Lily buddeth there and many a Rose,  
In meadows fresh and deep and fair full many a Violet blows.

He can find satisfaction in quietism;

The secret of the Seraphs is their silence.

One will agree with Mr. Childe, one will envy him his state of mind or one will have no patience with it according to one's temperament. Life allows itself to be interpreted in an infinite number of different ways. Mr. Childe is probably as much or as little right as anyone else.

In his little world apart Mr. Childe preserves the poetical machinery of his earliest book. He delights in precious words, strange mysterious names, antique locations; he possesses a private fauna and flora—lotus, lily, rose, unicorn—and a symbolical science of gems. His versification, too, like his subject-matter, remains inviolated by the tumultuous chaos of the last years.

These passion-flowers are stained with royal deaths,  
Voluptuous silent crimson drenches them,  
And they are made mysterious with signs,  
Their pistils gilded with hierurgic gold,  
Shapen like spears and nails of bitter roods;  
And they are rosy with faint drops of blood,  
And wide-eyed with a beautiful strange horror.  
Take them, consumptive one, these flowers from me,  
Take this imperial cluster of passion-flowers.

In the midst of the raving and the turbulence of the present time it is pleasant to hear this soft Pre-Raphaelite music.

THE REFORMATION IN IRELAND. By H. Holloway, B.D. (S.P.C.K., 7s. 6d.)—It is discreditable to Irish scholarship to say that Mr. Holloway is the first historian who sets to work to explain the changes effected in ecclesiastical legislation during the sixteenth century. It is clear that he has taken trouble, but it is equally clear that he has not taken enough trouble. It is evident, for example, that some of his quotations from documents have not come from the documents themselves. A more serious matter is that in common with most historians he completely misunderstands the real nature of Poynings' Law, which governed the legislation of the Irish Parliament from the year 1497 down to the year 1782. Mr. Holloway thinks that the aim of this Act was the limitation of the powers of the Irish Parliament, whereas its real aim was the limitation of the powers of the Lord Deputy, who was accustomed to summon Parliament when, where, and how he pleased. A reading of the Act will at once confirm the view we set forth. There is, moreover, the significant fact that this Act was extremely popular with the Parliament, which affords decisive proof of the attitude of members to it. In spite of this blunder, Mr. Holloway gives us a careful survey of the course of ecclesiastical legislation. Here and there he discusses the causes of this legislation. It is obvious that behind all the Tudor wars lay the conflicting interests of the different religious bodies. The gold of Spain and the energy of the friars and Jesuits were the mainstays of the Irish rebellions. The Achilles' heel of Elizabethan policy was Ireland. When the Roman Catholic countries in Europe brought

the Queen to bay in Ireland, it is no matter for surprise that she shaped her policy according to the interests of the Protestant creed.

VERD ANTIQUE. Poems by William Force Stead. (Oxford, Blackwell. 2s. 6d. net.)—Round about 1840 the poets were imaginative, intense, ambitious and melodious: they allowed the finest literary influences to appear in their poetry: they achieved astonishing heights. Their fault was, at the last moment, a habit of overlooking crevasses, in which they fell to depths as incredible. But for this, Beddoes, Darley and Barry Cornwall would have been school-book poets to-day. Mr. Stead's mind and work are not unlike theirs. He has high ideals, thinks largely and clearly, and possesses the faculty of rhythm and the right word. These qualities are often spoiled by the 1840 bathos. He should, we suggest, beware of himself when he is writing lighter verse, and when such adjectives as "livid," "eerie," "aghast," "mirk" and "darkling" crop up. In his philosophical and imaginative moods he is strikingly successful. "The Haunted Hamlet," for instance, is a harmonious and memorable utterance:

.... At evening, from a trimly furrowed field  
Brown with the new-turned earth, I see strong men  
Lead their large horses home; but after them  
Come others, phantom plowmen, grey and worn,  
Laden with years of labour: a mist falls,  
The moon goes dim; yet I can see them there,  
Laborious in the moonlight all night long.

There are several such passages in Mr. Stead's book, full and sometimes deep-coloured expressions of true poetic ideas and imaginings. His talent will be watched with interest.

MERCHANT ADVENTURERS, 1914-1918. By F. A. Hook. (Black. 10s. 6d. net.)—It would be difficult to find a more enthralling record of the "domestic" activities of the British merchant service during the war than this by Mr. Hook. Without deducing overmuch from the inclusion of statistical appendices and a foreword by Lord Inchcape, we know that this is the official record of certain associated shipping companies; but, for once, the general effect is strengthened by the fact, not sobered. The author's narrative of those adventurers on the high seas whose endurance, heroism, and patience we are only now fully able to appreciate is a subtle blend of imagination and fact. The gradual transformation of our shipping organization from a peace basis during the first years of the war is admirably described, and the chapters on hospital ships, "convoys," and the submarine war are comprehensive. Thirty-two photographs illustrate the text, for the most part very brightly, though the charts at the end, indicating the actual positions on the high seas where ships were sunk and where a much larger number escaped, give to the conclusion the grimmer touch.

IN WILD RHODESIA. By Henry and Walter E. Masters. (Griffiths. 6s. net.)—Books of travel and adventure are often spoiled by literary ambitions; the plain tale beats the coloured. "In Wild Rhodesia" is quite homely reading, even Spartan as far as fine writing is concerned. The paragraphs, in fact, are disconnected and labelled like regimental orders:

CHIPITULA. Ten years ago the Chiromo district was owned by a powerful chief Chipitula, the man whose court dress consisted, when Drummond visited him, of a pair of suspenders . . .

MORALS. The African seldom speaks the truth, especially to a stranger.

CANNIBALISM. This inhuman practice is very prevalent.

DISCONTENT.—The natives strongly dislike any interference with their customs.

There is a frankness in this modest record of pioneer work which assists the reader, where stylism would crab him. The stories are good and the pictures amusing.

## MARGINALIA

TO those who know how to read the signs of the times it will have become apparent, in the course of these last days and weeks, that the Silly Season is close upon us. Already—and this in July with the menace of three or four new wars grumbling on the thunderous horizon—already a monster of the deep has appeared at a popular seaside resort. Already Mr. Louis McQuilland has launched in the *Daily Express* a fierce onslaught on the younger poets of the Asylum. Already the picture-papers are more than half filled with photographs of bathing nymphs—photographs that make one understand the ease with which St. Anthony rebuffed his temptations. The newspaper-men, ramping up and down like wolves, seek their prey wherever they may find it; and it was with a unanimous howl of delight that the whole press went pelting after the hare started by Mrs. Asquith in a recent instalment of her autobiography. Feebly and belatedly, let me follow the pack.

Mrs. Asquith's denial of beauty to the daughters of the twentieth century has proved a god-sent giant gooseberry. It has necessitated the calling in of a whole host of skin-food specialists, portrait-painters and photographers to deny this far from soft impeachment. A great deal of space has been agreeably and inexpensively filled. Everyone is satisfied, public, editors, skin-food specialists and all. But by far the most interesting contribution to the debate was a pictorial one, which appeared, if I remember rightly, in the *Daily News*. Side by side, on the same page, we were shown the photographs of three beauties of the eighteen-eighties and three of the nineteen-twenties. The comparison was most instructive. For a great gulf separates the two types of beauty represented by these two sets of photographs.

I remember in "If," one of those charming conspiracies of E. V. Lucas and George Morrow, a series of parodied fashion-plates entitled "If Faces get any Flatter. Last year's standard, this year's Evening Standard." The faces of our living specimens of beauty have grown flatter with those of their fashion-plate sisters. Compare the types of 1880 and 1920. The first is steep-faced, almost Roman in profile; in the contemporary beauties the face has broadened and shortened, the profile is less noble, less imposing, more appealingly, more alluringly pretty. Forty years ago it was the aristocratic type that was appreciated; to-day the popular taste has shifted from the countess to the soubrette. Photography confirms the fact that the ladies of the 'eighties looked like Du Maurier drawings. But among the present young generation one looks in vain for the type; the Du Maurier damsel is as extinct as the mesozoic reptile; the Fish girl and other kindred flat-faced species have taken her place.

Between the 'thirties and 'fifties another type, the egg-faced girl, reigned supreme in the affections of the world. From the early portraits of Queen Victoria to the fashion-plates in the *Ladies' Keepsake* this invariable type prevails—the egg-shaped face, the sleek hair, the swan-like neck, the round, champagne-bottle shoulders. Compared with the decorous impassivity of the oviform girl our flat-faced fashion-plates are terribly abandoned and provocative. And because one expects so much in the way of respectability from these egg-faces of an earlier age, one is apt to be shocked when one sees them conducting themselves in ways that seem unbecoming. One thinks of that enchanting picture of Etty's "Youth on the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm." The naiads are of the purest egg-faced type. Their hair is sleek, their shoulders

slope and their faces are as impassive as blanks. And yet they have no clothes on. It is almost indecent; one imagined that the egg-faced type came into the world complete with flowing draperies.

\* \* \* \*

It is not only the face of beauty that alters with the changes of popular taste. The champagne-bottle shoulders of the oviform girl have vanished from the modern fashion-plate and from modern life. The contemporary hand, with its two middle fingers held together and the forefinger and little finger splayed apart, is another recent product. Above all the feet have changed. In the days of the egg-faces no fashion-plate has more than one foot. This rule will, I think, be found invariable. That solitary foot projects, generally in a strangely haphazard way as though it had nothing to do with a leg, from under the edge of the skirt. And what a foot! It has no relation to those provocative feet in Suckling's ballad:

Her feet beneath her petticoat  
Like little mice ran in and out.

It is an austere foot. It is a small, black, oblong object like a tea-leaf. No living human being has ever seen a foot like it, for it is utterly unlike the feet of nineteen-twenty. To-day the fashion-plate is always a biped. The tea-leaf has been replaced by two feet of rich baroque design, curved and florid, with insteps like the necks of Arab horses. Faces may have changed shape, but feet have altered far more radically. On the text, "the feet of the young women," it would be possible to write a profound philosophical sermon.

\* \* \* \*

And while I am on the subject of feet I would like to mention another curious phenomenon of the same kind, but affecting, this time, the standards of male beauty. Examine the pictorial art of the eighteenth century, and you will find that the shape of the male leg is not what it was. In those days the calf of the leg was not a muscle that bulged to its greatest dimensions a little below the back of the knee, to subside, *decrecendo*, towards the ankle. No, in the eighteenth century the calf was an even crescent, with its greatest projection opposite the middle of the shin; the ankle, as we know it, hardly existed. This curious calf is forced upon one's attention by almost every minor picture-maker of the eighteenth century, and even by some of the great masters, as, for instance, Blake. How it came into existence I do not know. Presumably the crescent calf was considered, in the art schools, to approach more nearly to the Platonic Idea of the human leg than did the poor distorted Appearance of real life. Personally, I prefer my calves with the bulge at the top and a proper ankle at the bottom. But then I don't hold much with the *beau idéal*.

\* \* \* \*

The process by which one type of beauty becomes popular, imposes its tyranny for a period and then is displaced by a dissimilar type is a mysterious one. It may be that patient historical scholars will end by discovering some law to explain the transformation of the Du Maurier type into the flat-face type, the tea-leaf foot into the baroque foot, the crescent calf into the normal calf. As far as one can see at present, these changes seem to be the result of mere hazard and arbitrary choice. But a time will doubtless come when it will be found that these changes of taste are as ineluctably predetermined as any chemical change. Given the South African War, the accession of Edward VII. and the Liberal triumph of 1906, it was, no doubt, as inevitable that Du Maurier should have given place to Fish as that zinc subjected to sulphuric acid should break up into  $\text{ZnSO}_4 + \text{H}_2$ . But we leave it to others to formulate the precise workings of the law.

AUTOLYCUS.

## NOVELS IN BRIEF

WE are not clear what date should be assigned to the action of "The House in Dormer Forest," by Mary Webb (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d. net). A good deal is said of that ultra-modern discovery, the "herd-instinct," and bicycles (at least for male persons) seem to be in use; but Army purchase apparently still exists, and a young man's conscientious objection to take orders is attributed by his relations to secret sin. We are also left in some uncertainty concerning the social status enjoyed by the farmer-proprietor of the ill-omened Forest House, whose womankind do no useful work, and associate on equal terms with the Rectory household, yet never leave their home, even for a honeymoon trip. The warped and unhappy natures of the family are in our opinion easily accounted for by this stagnant semi-gentility, without reckoning the accumulated evil influences of their habitation, or even of their heredity. Mrs. Webb is more successful with her undesirable than with her sympathetic characters. Chief in the first category we should place the terrible old grandmother, with her mania for Scriptural quotation. The general servant Sarah, a delightful creature except for the vengeful habit of breaking china, not in hot blood but deliberately, stands almost alone in the second. The conclusion, with its welter of unexpected happy endings, is, even as such things go in novels, utterly incredible.

Australia, according to Mr. V. Williams, was visited by pirates as early as the seventeenth century, and in "The Mahogany Ship" (Ward & Lock, 7s. net) he tells the tale of a treasure buried on the Victorian coast, and discovered in our own day. Naturally, he owes something to Edgar Allan Poe, but he has varied the situation by introducing two rival bands of explorers, who both claim the prize in right of inheritance. In this contest the Society of Jesus takes a hand, using methods of the kind attributed to it by popular belief. Yet, more than the other characters, these Jesuit Fathers impress us as being drawn, at least partially, from life. The adventure part of the book begins well, but towards the end there is a growing incoherence and slackening of grip.

The hero of "Beau Regard," by Dorothy Brandon (Melrose, 6s. net), is a troubadour who, reckoning on the protection of his countrywoman, Queen Eleanor, comes to seek his fortune in England. By chance, he hits upon the secret of Fair Rosamond's legendary bower, and in Eleanor's interest, though not by her orders, is urged with threats of torture to reveal it. His steadfastness under this ordeal makes him acceptable to a lady whom he has hitherto worshipped in vain. She intervenes in his behalf with at least partial success, and ultimately compensates what he has suffered by the gift of her heart and hand. Miss Brandon has succeeded in creating an atmosphere of graceful romance, and in her presentation of mediæval character. Her choice of language suggests some indecision as to the period when the narrative is supposed to be written.

"High Speed," by Clinton H. Stagg (Grant Richards, 7s. net), belongs to that class of fiction which cannot possibly be defined as literature, but rests its claim to attention on the description of some prominent feature in contemporary life. Mr. Stagg writes of motor-racing, as it is, or was, practised in America, with a passionate vividness which makes a strong, though by no means a pleasant, impression. The love-interest is of the most perfunctory kind, the author's only real concern being with "high speed" and the means of attaining it.

"The Bishop's Masquerade," by W. Harold Thomson (Parsons, 7s. net), has at least the merit of providing what we take to be an original version of a very old romance-theme. An Anglican bishop, good-looking, fairly young, and overwrought, is enjoined by his physician, on pain of nervous breakdown, to become for a time an open-air worker. His adventures on an island off the West Coast of Scotland, as handy-man to a publican, who takes a fancy to him because he can talk about books, are not extremely probable, but have an element of humour. No very deep issues of any kind are touched beyond the bishop's restoration to health and spirits and his discovery of an ideal helpmate. It seems curious that he should sign letters with his own name, rather than that of his see, but perhaps this is a part of the "masquerade."

## A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

A DISTINCTIVE and agreeable feature of the *London Magazine* was "The Lion's Head," an article—or rather a "string of short affable roars, from the Lion's Head"—which from July, 1820, occupied the opening pages of each number. Some of the notes in the July issue relate to Haydon the painter to Goethe's "Faustus," and to Wordsworth, whose latest volume of poems is described as "a brilliant emanation from the loftiest and most effulgent mind of the age." On page 22 is an instalment of William Hazlitt's "Table-Talk" (signed "T."), "On the Difference between Writing and Speaking"—in which the author refers to the fact that the finest oratory of Burke was so lost upon the House of Commons that he was called the "Dinner Bell." A good paper, signed "K. Q. X.," on the character and writings of the dramatic poet James Shirley, author of "The Maid's Revenge," is continued in the same part. A review, headed "Mr. Leigh Hunt's Poetry," refers to Hunt as "one of the most pleasing, and original poets of the day"; but the critic, who subscribes himself "A.," continues: "We suppose his most reckless admirers will not demand for him the title of one of the greatest." The works discussed are "Hero and Leander" and "Bacchus and Ariadne." The "Critical Notices of New Books" include an account of that strikingly clever production entitled "The Fancy: a Selection from the Poetical Remains of the late Peter Corcoran, of Gray's Inn, Student at Law." This *jeu d'esprit*, of which in 1905 an edition was published, with notes by Mr. John Masefield, and illustrations by Mr. Jack Butler Yeats, is a brilliant and amusing medley, including a biography of a fictitious personage, numerous funny verses, some serious pieces, and a mock-tragedy called "King Tims the First." The author of "The Fancy" was John Hamilton Reynolds, whose pseudonym was "Edward Herbert." One of the sonnets might have been inspired, if not written, by the author's near connection Thomas Hood:

## SONNET.\*

Where lilies lie uneasily at rest  
On the sweet silver pillows of the waves,  
And every pebble, like a pearly guest  
At bottom in the streaming water lays;  
When willows hang their sea-green drapery  
Loose in the wooing airs,—and swans are white  
About the coiling brooks, sweet imagery  
Of lover's hearts, inseparable and bright;  
Where grass is greenest in the loneliest dell,  
Fed by the patient sheddings of a spring;  
And where the flowers are all unmatchable  
In hue and odour—thither would I wing  
My happy spirit,—but the Insolvent Court  
Keeps me a prisoner still, and mars one's sport!

Week by week the *Indicator*, founded by Leigh Hunt, and stated in the opening number to have been named after the bee cuckoo, or honey bird, *Cuculus indicator* of Linnaeus, which indicates to honey-hunters where the nests of wild bees and stores of honey are to be found, contained, sometimes one, sometimes more than one, admirable paper (an essay, story, letter, or review), generally written by the "Ariel of criticism" himself. The chief essays in the number for July 12, 1820, are on "Superfine Breeding" (dealing with the insolence and want of feeling hereditary in the Apian family); "Shaking Hands" (a light paper upon the too coy and the too fervent hand-shaker); and "On Receiving a Sprig of Laurel from Vauclose." The last is a charming "ebullition on Petrarch," which concludes with a metrical translation of the Italian poet's 14th Canzone, Volume I., "Chiare, Fresche, e dolce Acque." The numbers of the *Indicator* dated July 19 and 26, 1820, contain the two parts of a long paper entitled "The Destruction of the Cenci Family, and Tragedy on that Subject." To this notable article, dealing with Shelley's celebrated poem, and to the equally important review, in the two following numbers, of Keats's "Lamia," "Isabella," and "The Eve of St. Agnes," we shall return.

Far more stodgy, and amazingly long, were many of the reviews in the *Literary Gazette*, the weekly paper founded in 1817 by William Jerdan, on whom Mr. Birrell recently wrote some delightful pages in the *London Mercury*, and among whose collaborators were B. W. Procter ("Barry Cornwall"), Crabbe and Miss Mitford.

\* This was a favourite poem with Mr. Corcoran. It only wants a meaning to be a perfect sonnet."



## THE PROGRESS OF LIBRARY ECONOMY

**MANUAL OF LIBRARY ECONOMY.** By the late J. D. Brown. Third and Memorial Edition by W. C. Berwick Sayers. (Grafton & Co. 21s. net.)

**VILLAGE CLUBS AND HALLS.** By Lawrence Weaver. ("Country Life." 7s. 6d. net.)

**T**HERE is good reason to believe that the public library movement is entering on a new epoch. The passing of the Act of 1919, and especially the extension of powers to rural districts under the County Councils, portend increased activity in the old and a rapid growth of new systems. Hence a revised edition of Brown's Manual, for seventeen years the standard work on library economy, is peculiarly opportune. The author himself published a new edition in 1907, and would doubtless have brought out a third but for his death in 1914. Soon after that date the work went out of print, and a remodelling of the book, taking account of changed circumstances and many fresh developments, has long been overdue. The task was to have been undertaken by Mr. Stanley Just, but on his removal to a busier sphere the duty fell to his successor in the Croydon Libraries, Mr. Berwick Sayers, who has carried it out with intelligence and efficiency. Some portions of the old book disappear. Acrid controversies, such as the absurd conflict on the question of "Open Access," the principle of giving readers access to the shelves when the library is not too big to make this practicable, are now only curiosities of history; and certain ideas of the original author, who was in many ways a lonely pioneer subject to the idiosyncrasies of pioneers faced by obstinate conservatism, have ceased to be important. Mr. Sayers has rightly pruned away this obsolete matter, and so found room for sections on commercial libraries, technical libraries, libraries and reading-rooms for children, lectures, reading-circles, exhibitions, and similar extensions of library work, and, above all, methods of catering for rural districts.

This last item is of particular interest at the present time. For years the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust has been fostering a series of rural library systems in Scotland, England and Wales, and lastly in Ireland. Thirteen are now in operation, and others will soon be in existence. The Trustees have availed themselves of the County Education Authorities as superintending bodies, although the legal position of such county schemes was doubtful, even in England and Wales, until the Act of 1919, and the benefits of that Act have not yet been extended to Scotland or Ireland. In their Sixth Annual Report the Trustees described this branch of their various activities as among the most important and satisfactory they had undertaken; they congratulated themselves on the impetus given it by the new Act, and made an urgent appeal for an early removal of restrictions where the Act does not run. A complete revision of Scottish and Irish library legislation is now the most pressing need in library politics. Meanwhile, the Trustees are not going to withdraw their helping hand. After all, the Act is only permissive, and in the present financial state of the country many authorities will not be too eager to move. This, in short, is the critical moment when the encouragement and practical aid of a far-seeing body like the Trust will have enormously more effect than ever before or since.

Mr. Sayers gives an account of the methods now in vogue, with estimates of expenditure. With a few exceptions, existing rural schemes are of a co-operative nature; and it is not unreasonable to forecast that the next great step in library economy, the interaction of large groups with elaborate methods of interchange and a central repository and clearing-house, will be the work of the rural libraries. When Brown's Manual is again re-edited, this chapter will probably have to be rewritten, and the contents of the new sections would surprise us if we could read them now. The ideal aim of an urban library is to become an integral and familiar part of urban life, and to make it possible for any reader to borrow any but the rarest books, from its own supplies or from elsewhere. In actuality this ideal, under past restrictions, has remained Utopian, and a much less ambitious aim is set before the new rural libraries. Yet the urban problem is relatively simple, as compared with the difficulties of catering for a scattered population; and much more complicated machinery will have

to be devised for the rural systems. These will be real systems, perhaps groups of systems, instead of self-contained and isolated libraries. The provision of such machinery, especially in counties embracing numbers of both town and village libraries all working in unison, must, surely, give hints for attaining a still more generous service in the large boroughs—a service more commensurate with what an ideal library might accomplish. Co-ordination and scientific co-operation are really necessary in both cases; without them, economic administration is impossible.

Mr. Weaver's book on village clubs and halls does not ignore the need for books and reading-rooms in these institutions. Had he been aware of the new Act, he might have shown how this admirable movement could be linked up, much to the advantage of both, with the rural library movement. The village hall is the natural home for the village library; the village club might furnish some part of the organization, and that invaluable factor, local initiative. Propaganda just now might also be directed at linking up still another movement, that of the war memorials, with those for rural libraries and village clubs. There is some, perhaps natural, prejudice against combining memorials with things having even a lofty and spiritual utility. But the thousands of useless monuments that crown our hilltops, and have long lost their significance even to the oldest inhabitant, might warn us of the vanity of entrusting memories to mere memorials rather than to institutions that are used.

Mr. Sayers does not touch on these latter points. He sticks conscientiously to actual practice. But he would probably agree with the views of the immediate and the more distant future which his study of present-day things has suggested.

E. A. B.

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

THE following books are among those recently added to the Library of the British Museum:—*Summa der Bulle für Freiburg im Breisgau* [Michael Wensler, Basle, 1479]. An indulgence to contributors to the building fund of Freiburg Minster; no other copy recorded.—*Innocent III. [Lotharius]. De vilitate conditionis humane* [G. Balsarin, Lyons, c. 1490].—*Regimen sanitatis Salernitanum* [Jean Dupré, Lyons, c. 1490]. These two are in one volume in the original doeskin binding.—*Raimundus Lullus, Arbor Scientie*, Petrus Posa, Barcelona, 1505. With woodcuts.—*The Destruction committed by the Duke of Guyse in the toune of Vassy*, E. L. Sutton, London [1562].—*An History contayninge that which hath happened sense the departure of Guise from the Court*, W. S[eres], London, 1562.—*Newes from Antwerp*, translated according to the originall [Dutch] copie, J. Charlewood, London [1580].—*The true discoure of the victorie obtained by Henry IV. neere Yurie*, T. Orwin for T. Man, London, 1590.—*Articles accorded for the truce generall in France*, J. Wolfe for A. White, London, 1593.—*A true copie of the transportation of the Lowe Countries . . . doone by the King of Spayne*, I. R. for P. Linley, London [1598].—*True Newes of a victorie agaynst the Turkes before Raab*, I. R. for R. Oliue, London, [1598].—*A briefe Declaration of the sickness and death of the Kinge of Spayne*, E. Bollifant for W. Aspley, London, 1599.—*A briefe Discourse of the cruell dealings of the Spanyards in the Dukedomes of Gulick and Cleue*, etc., J. Wolfe, London, 1599.—*A Proclamation made by the States of the Vnited Netherlands*, etc., J. Wolfe, London, 1599.—*A true Report of the murder committed vpon the French King Henrie the 4.*, J. Budge, London, 1610.—*A famous Victorie atchiued by the Christian gallies of Sicilia against the Turkes*, T. Thorp [London], 1613. With a woodcut.—*Newes from France containing declarations of two new converts to the reformed Churches of France* (M. du Tertre and Marquis Bonivet), E. Griffin for N. Butter, London, 1616.—*Newes from Italy, concerning the swallowing up of the city of Pleurs*, N. O. for N. Newbery and J. Pyper, London, 1618.—*Troubles in Bohemia and diuers other kingdomes*, W. I. for J. Pyper, London, 1619.—*A Relation of a sea-fight betwene the Duke of Guise and the Rochellers*, H. L. for T. Lowms, London, 1622. Apparently a number of a news-sheet.—*The Post of the Prince [of Orange] which advices us the taking of Steen Bergh*, etc., I. D. for N. Bourne and T. Archer, London, 1622. Apparently another number of a news-sheet.

## LITERARY GOSSIP

In the leading article this week the enviable relations of Keats with his publisher Taylor are discussed. The following deeply interesting passage from an unpublished letter from Taylor to Clare throws a further light on Taylor's generosity, and on the attitude of the world towards Keats:

... Woodhouse ... has left me all his MS. papers containing unpublished Poems of Keats, and various other matters relating to Keats, but I don't know when it will be possible for me to do anything with them. I should like to print a complete Edition of Keats's Poems, with several of his Letters, but the world cares nothing for him—I fear that even 250 copies would not sell.

The letter was written in 1835, that is, *fourteen* years after Keats' death.

No clearer picture of the later Swinburne in his seclusion with Watts-Dunton at Putney has been given to the world than Mr. Max Beerbohm's essay, "No. 2, The Pines," in the current *Fortnightly*. Except for the fantastic ending, which is a little "off the note," it is a perfect achievement. The vision of the little sprite descending from the mahogany steps of the library with volume after volume of the Jacobean—"This, I think, you will like. . . . Surely, you must have read this"; the courtly bow; the bottle of ale—these are things that stick in the memory. And I, personally, am pleased to see justice done to the figure of Watts-Dunton himself.

A little glimpse of the bookseller's difficulties. The other day I was shown an invoice for a book, price 1s. 3d. net. The wholesale agents had refused to collect from the publisher—it did not pay them. Therefore the bookseller had to write for it. Here is the balance sheet:

Dr.	s.	d.	Cr.	s.	d.
Postcard .....	0	0½	Selling price of book	1	3
Trade price of book	1	1	Net loss .....	0	1½
Postage of book ...	0	3			
	1	4½		1	4½

And that allows nothing for the bookseller's overhead expenses.

Obviously, the book-trade is being cut too fine at both ends. The publisher is forced by circumstances to snatch a little ground from the bookseller—and the author. An agreement for a first novel which I have just seen, drafted by an eminently respectable publishing firm, gives the author no royalty on the first 1,000 copies, 20 per cent. on the second thousand, and 10 per cent. on the rest. No first novel of literary merit can hope to sell more than a thousand. Result: a net loss to the author of £15 for the typewriting of his MS.

The publisher can hardly be blamed. He will not make anything if, as is likely, he sells only a thousand copies. It is with publishing as with our railway finances: the publisher is reluctant to pass his charges on to the public. That, I am persuaded, is an unsound method. We must get back to the old method of charging substantial prices and relying upon a library circulation for good literary work. New novels, substantially produced, at 15s. would give the publisher and the author a margin. In the event of a real success, then the large 5s. edition.

Speaking roughly, I would divide the book-reading public into two classes. The one, which is five, six, ten times as big as the other, does not care a fig about literature. It wants, very properly, to be amused and distracted. The other wants the best, and some part of it at least is able to pay for it. The ideal good book should touch both classes; but it requires a big man to write the ideal good book. Meanwhile, it is important that the ordinarily

good book should not perish. It can only have a small sale, somewhere about 2,000. It is sold to, and read by, the small class, by which, if it is really good, it is slowly imposed on the big class. It must be made properly self-supporting within that class.

As I write there comes into my hands Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's lectures "On the Art of Reading" (Cambridge University Press). It contains 237 pages and is published at 15s. That is a fair price nowadays for a book that is well printed and bound. It will hardly reach beyond the inner circle, for all the author's deserved reputation. But what applies to Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch applies more forcibly still to the less-known author. But the public will not buy expensive books. Perhaps not, but it will get them from the library.

The literary life has served many of its finest men shabbily if not shamefully in the long run. In almost every case the poet has died poor, and although there is no suggestion that poets should die rich, yet it is a sordid paradox that those who best reveal life should find it such a desperate enemy. The case of an able writer, a man who was once editor of the *Western Daily Mercury*, and presently chief leader-writer on the *Sheffield Independent*, deserves to be made known. Author of four volumes of verse (which had earned the praise of Tennyson, Festus Bailey, Frederick Locker, Robert Buchanan and others), he projected a fifth. It was printed, and paid for; but before it could be produced the publishers were in liquidation. "Then began my journey to the workhouse," and there he is now, seventy years old, but still hopeful of better days. We remember Clare in worse incarceration: "The spring will bring better days, and better opportunities to make a better song."

Reading afresh Hunt's witty paper "Jack Abbott's Breakfast," I was reminded of that lovable old creature George Dyer, whose habit of inviting friends to imaginary breakfast provided Hunt with his groundwork. A monograph on Dyer is one of the unwritten works which ought to be written. He shines in the radiance of Elia, not the least worthy satellite. To have inspired "Oxford in the Vacation," or "Amicus Redivivus," was worth a life of eighty-six years, "one unbroken dream of goodness."

But George Dyer has another interesting side to his character. Most of us know him vaguely as a writer, and have read possibly that he edited, and wrote all the original matter in, the 141 volumes known as Valpy's edition of the classics, besides his score of miscellaneous publications. He even composed a volume of French poems; but, that aside, he left in manuscript an autobiography. Now this long-mislaidd document cannot but have been immensely valuable towards the "Life of Lamb." Its discovery would be a real event.

Poetry, it may be consoling to consider, has never been the publishers' elixir. There was no particular shortage of paper in 1832, for instance, and yet it was unfortunately possible for Thomas Pringle to return an unwanted manuscript volume of really excellent verses with the remark, "Even Wordsworth and other eminent writers are unable to find purchasers for their MSS.": adding that Messrs. Smith & Elder (for whom he was editing the annual "Friendship's Offering") published no poetry except at the author's risk. If Wordsworth, thirty-five years after the "Lyrical Ballads," was uncertain of finding a publisher, how encouraging it really is to be rejected!

## Science DEEP WATER

THE submarine cable has a more obviously romantic history than have most other achievements of applied science. There are elements which persist in the mind. There is the ship "Great Eastern," a kind of monstrous premature birth in shipbuilding history; the spacious gestures of that really imaginative millionaire, Cyrus Field; the heart-breaking preliminary experiments, when a cable would rupture the same night that it was laid; vignettes of Lord Kelvin dramatically catching the last train from Glasgow, and sitting in a London factory, profound and absorbed, enigmatically stirring a pail of water with a pole; the actual laying of the enormous snake over thousands of miles of ocean bottom, and the culmination of the whole great theoretical and practical effort in the perceptible kick of a needle. We are familiar with some of the results of that great enterprise; we have learned, almost immediately, the absorbing things that have occurred thousands of miles away; we know how long the delegates at Chicago cheered each Presidential candidate, and we knew this while their throats were still sore; we have seen the wavy blue line on a little ribbon of paper which transformed Wall Street into a shouting, gesticulating madhouse; we are already the poorer by half-a-crown because the "Shamrock" did not win. These are tangible benefits; they are of the kind that the practical man delights in, and which enable cable companies to grow rich. But the enterprise has had other repercussions; it has given us a geography of the sea. The existence of subterranean hills and valleys obviously makes it desirable that economic cable companies should have maps of ocean bottoms; in addition, temperature considerations play a part in the design of a cable; soundings of different kinds become desirable, and the soundings necessitate the invention of all kinds of apparatus. As is natural, the new knowledge suggests other, more remotely useful problems, and a new science, the science of Oceanography, comes into existence and is pursued for its own sake. A new world comes to be revealed, and a world which is in many respects a greater than the terrestrial world. There is more water than land; there are greater depths in the ocean than there are heights on land, and the greater part of the living creatures of the globe live in its water.

Seventy-one per cent. of the surface of the globe is covered by water, and there are places where the depth of this water approximates or exceeds six miles. The greater part of the ocean floor, however, lies at a depth of between twelve and eighteen thousand feet. At this depth there are but slight seasonal changes in temperature, the water remaining but a very little above the freezing-point of fresh water. Ooze dredged from these depths is always uncomfortably cold to handle. Besides being cold, this subterranean world is perfectly dark. No rays from the sun penetrate so deep. At something over three thousand feet there is still sufficient sunlight to affect a photographic plate after 80 minutes' exposure, but after descending another two thousand feet an exposure of two hours reveals no effect whatever. Throughout the whole ocean plant-life flourishes between these depths, while life of some kind exists at all depths and in every part, from the equator to the poles. At the vegetation layers life is abundant and mixed; herbivorous animals feed on the plants and are in turn preyed upon by carnivorous animals, thus illustrating again those exquisite natural adaptations that we find on land. At great depths, however, this animated scene disappears, and the actual slime and mud furnishes the food of the creatures which crawl along the

ocean bed. A ship which sinks in deep water—the "Titanic" sank in three miles—reaches this cold, perfectly dark region, and is there subjected to enormous pressure. At a depth of eighteen thousand feet a body is subjected to a pressure of nearly four tons to the square inch. The results of such pressure are rather curious. What occurs may be described as the exact inverse of an explosion, and for this reason the phenomenon has received the name "implosion." A glass tube, enclosed in a copper case, was sent down to a depth of eighteen thousand feet. The sealed glass tube was reduced to so fine a powder that it looked like snow, while the copper case, through which water could flow freely, was indented. It is evident that at the moment of collapse of the glass tube, the water had not time to enter by the holes in the copper case sufficiently rapidly to fill up the vacant space caused by the disappearance of the tube, and had therefore brought about equilibrium by crushing in the copper wall. When the water can enter freely all parts of a mechanism there need be no collapse. It is therefore probable that the victims in the "Titanic" were not greatly altered in outward appearance on reaching the bottom of the ocean.

This interesting point was further elucidated by an experiment made on a living creature. A live rabbit was once sent down three thousand feet. The body came up very little altered; all the bones were intact, and only the lungs had suffered. The "Titanic" itself probably looks very much as it did; every hermetically closed place would be burst in, but there is no reason to picture it as a crushed and shapeless mass. The woodwork would have undergone a curious change; pieces of wood which have been sent down to a great depth sink like stones when again placed in water. This is because all the little cells of the wood have been imploded, and the specific gravity of the wood is thereby increased. In the case of deep-water fishes the variation in the volume of their swimming bladders alters their specific gravity within limits which may be controllable by their muscular powers. They can therefore swim at various depths. But it sometimes happens that a deep-water fish rises too high. The swimming bladder expands, and reduces the specific gravity of the creature to an extent which cannot be counteracted by its muscular power. The fish then "falls upwards," and is gradually killed by the distension of its organs consequent on the decreased pressure.

These conditions of cold, darkness and intense pressure extend over about eighty-one million square miles, a much greater area than the whole land surface of the globe. This part of the ocean bed may be regarded as a gently undulating plain; there are, in addition, occasional great gulfs; they may exist as an abrupt pit, plunging down another ten thousand feet, or, more often, as a kind of immense trench. Rising from the bottom of these depths there may be a cone-like elevation, a mountain, although its summit may still lie eighteen thousand feet beneath the surface of the sea. These submarine cones sometimes penetrate the surface, and then become visible to us as coral atolls and such other oceanic islands.

S.

IN these days additions to our knowledge of aerial exploration, atmospheric currents, and the laws which regulate changes in air pressure, temperature, humidity, and the like, are welcome. Professor McAdie's "Principles of Aerography" (Harrap, 21s. net) is particularly helpful as a presentment of the newer knowledge in a condensed form. Cloud classification, ice storms, floods, air flow at different levels, the correlation of abnormal seasons with hyperbars and infrabars, and various solar phenomena, are among the subjects dealt with by the author, who includes charts for aviators and other practical matter. Some of the illustrations of clouds are especially good.



## Fine Arts

### EPSTEIN

EPSTEIN. By Bernard Van Dieren. (Lane. 42s. net.)

THE sculptor of the present day may be said to work under greater external disadvantages than any other artist, though Dr. Ethel Smyth would probably enter a counter-claim on behalf of the British-born operatic composer. Pigments, canvas and even paper are still relatively cheap; the poet can aspire, within moderate bounds, to publication, and the dramatist who is not a poet to performance; the musician may be able to render something, at any rate, of his compositions on a hired piano-forte; and the architect still exercises a nominal control over part of the very necessities of life. But against the unhappy sculptor everything combines. His materials, marble, stone, bronze, are exceedingly expensive. The labour of carving, if he is an honest man and does it for himself, is physically exacting, and so hazardous that a slip of the hammer, or an unfriendly fault in a block of stone, may destroy a month's labour. If his work is on any considerable scale it is difficult to shift and it occupies a great deal of space. Every stage of his procedure, if casting is involved, means fresh expenses to be incurred. When his masterpiece is finished it is not at all easy to get it exhibited, and almost impossible to hope that anyone will buy it. And even if at last a piece of sculpture has found a permanent home, it is by the nature of things so utterly dependent on lighting that in nine cases out of ten it will never be seen under really satisfactory conditions.

The result is inevitable. When a sculptor does persist in his career in spite of all discouragement, he is forced, if he has his living to make, to confine himself almost entirely to portrait busts and an occasional sepulchral monument—the only work for which he is at all likely to get commissions. Hardly, on the rarest chance, can he afford the luxury of expressing himself unhampered in stone or in bronze, and if he does so he runs every risk of having his work left on his own hands.

But the external disadvantages are not all. With the stealthy growth of a quite disastrous tradition, sculptors have ceased more and more to do the actual work with which they are credited. Many a man has got a reputation for his sculpture who is hardly capable of using a hammer and chisel on a block of marble, and who, in fact, considers his share in a statue completed when he has finished a life-size model in clay. It is cast in plaster and transferred to the marble block by the pointing machine, it is hewn out and chiselled and rasped by skilled but unnamed craftsmen, and perhaps if the "sculptor" adds a finishing touch or two at the last he may feel that he has been particularly conscientious.

This error of procedure has fatally brought with it an almost complete neglect of the proper use of material. By an unfortunate accident a large proportion of the "antique" statues which had served as models to sculptors from the sixteenth century onwards were marble copies of bronze originals. So the artist—and the public too—became used to see in marble forms which are essentially suited to bronze. Anyone who bears in mind the rectangular block from which a marble statue has normally been carved cannot fail to be made uncomfortable by the prodigious waste of labour and of material involved by an outstretched arm or a loosely extended figure, as well as by the sense of insecurity which a projecting limb of stone brings with it, even in conventionalized forms (the wide stone cross which is apparently to be erected in all the British graveyards in France is a striking exemplification of this incongruity). But it is safe to believe that the sculptor who has to cut his stone for himself will deliberately treat his

subject so as to bring it within the closest possible limitation of parallel exterior planes, even if he does not go as far in this direction as Michael Angelo did, and will not for a moment suppose that the same model can be carried out in marble or in bronze indifferently.

The general public do not perhaps realize why modern sculpture is so often tiresome; but they show clearly enough how tiresome they find it by a neglect which they do not extend to painting. Still, when they come across a sculptor who has something to say, and who says it for himself, they are ready to be interested. Hundreds of visitors to the Mestrovic exhibition at South Kensington in 1915 realized for the first time that sculpture might still be a living art. And many, at any rate, of the people who honestly dislike the Stations of the Cross in Westminster Cathedral feel none the less that they are works of art in a sense in which some of the mosaics in the same building are not. Many people dislike the work of Mr. Epstein too. But hardly anybody can remain indifferent and bored in presence of it.

Now it is obvious that, with so many disadvantages combined against him, the modern sculptor is peculiarly in need of intelligent patronage. In Paris he has at least a reasonable prospect of getting a statue bought by the State; the price paid is very low, and the conditions of exhibition in the Luxembourg are far from ideal, but it is better than nothing. In London the chances are considerably less favourable. But now and again a young sculptor may be given his opportunity, as Mr. Epstein was when he was entrusted with the sculptural decoration of the British Medical Association building in the Strand.

It is only in combination with architecture that sculpture can reach its own highest level. The eighteen allegorical figures which Mr. Epstein carved in stone for the British Medical Association building, even if they are to be considered as immature examples of his work, represent one of the few notable achievements of art on a large scale in England during the present century. And it is difficult to understand why they are ignored both in the illustrations and the text of Mr. Van Dieren's sumptuously produced volume. The figures themselves, set high at the corner of two crowded streets, are not very easy to see, and photographs of some, at any rate, of them would have been all the more welcome, for the originals are suffering (like almost all stone sculpture in the fatal atmosphere of London) from uneven discoloration. There is considerable difference of quality among them; some seem to move a little uneasily between the confining verticals of their architectural setting. But if any patron or committee of patrons were at present hesitating as to the wisdom of entrusting an important commission to a comparatively young and untried artist, they could hardly find better encouragement than by inspecting Mr. Epstein's statues, and then proceeding westward for two hundred and fifty yards to see what a Royal Academician could do for Nurse Cavell.

Not only the figures on the British Medical Association building, but apparently all work done before the big monument in Père La Chaise cemetery to Oscar Wilde (of which a detail only is shown) has been omitted. But as against this omission, the fifty plates—many of them about as satisfactory as photographs of sculpture can be—include no fewer than thirty-five of the amazing portrait heads on which Mr. Epstein's general reputation is chiefly based. About these there can surely be little question. The sculptor who made them ranks among the very greatest of modern portraitists, and the nation is fortunate that the Imperial War Museum has acquired three of them, including the splendid bust of Lord Fisher and the oddly successful "Tin Hat." But some at least of the beautiful portraits of women ought to be permanently accessible to the public, in some place a little less remote than the

Crystal Palace. The lovely head of "Betty May," with its admirable poise, or one of the several portraits of "Meum," would show proudly in any company.

It is with regard to the work shown in the remaining plates that a greater divergence of opinion is to be expected. Two of them give different aspects of the standing "Christ" about which there was some little controversy when it was exhibited in the spring of this year at the Leicester Gallery. The statue was objected to on the ground that the type was not that consecrated by tradition, though, indeed, it is hardly more unconventional than the unforgettable "Risen Christ" in Piero della Francesca's fresco at Borgo San Sepolchro, which in sentiment it vaguely recalls. But its conception involves no startling abstraction or distortion of natural form, such as need surprise a spectator of the present generation.

The large marble "Venus," on the other hand, shown a year or two before at the same gallery, is based on pronounced simplifications of human anatomy. The goddess is a woman, but her face has no features and her dropped arms have no articulation. Even without the symbolic group of birds at her feet, she would be instantly intelligible as the image of one of the most ancient of divinities. The difficulty is that we are not now in the habit of setting up shrines to Astarte or to Anaitis, and that an idol which might be gloriously in place in an island temple is an uncomfortable visitor in a modern room. The "Venus," with several other more or less abstract works by Mr. Epstein, and some similar sculpture by Gaudier-Brzeska, has been wisely acquired by Mr. John Quinn. In his collection it may find an entirely suitable setting; and if it does, there can be no doubt that its effect will be exceedingly impressive.

It would be impossible to discuss in any detail the other sculptures of similar tendency, the beautiful "Doves" or the very disconcerting "Rock Drill." Many of them are experimental in character, and they have led in some cases to curious and satisfying results. It would be preposterous to deny to a sculptor of genius like Mr. Epstein the right to such experiment; and experiment, to be conclusive, involves much time and labour and material. Nor can any artist be blamed for turning to Babylon—or, for the matter of that, to Mexico or to Easter Island—for inspiration rather than to Athens or to Florence, so long as it is remembered that a bad sculptor or painter remains just as bad whether he picks up a new tradition of form or sticks to an old one, and that a great sculptor like Hildebrand remains just as great without leaving the well-trodden paths of the Renaissance.

On these matters Mr. Van Dieren has written at considerable length and with an almost overwhelming exuberance in the text. He is perhaps a little unnecessarily on the defensive; Mr. Epstein's work, like the dying spinsters', has not been altogether neglected. But to tell the truth, though Mr. Van Dieren is immensely erudite, and full of interesting ideas, written prose is probably not the method of expression which he finds easiest. A sentence like the following conveys very little meaning (p. 27):

The Venus whose "MichelANGES" qualities only further prove the point as the Renaissance master's relation to the antique examples of marble carving were similar in nature to those of Epstein.

But perhaps the proof-reader is to blame here, as he seems to be in some of the Latin and French quotations. The book, with its wealth of admirable illustrations, is in any case a most valuable one, and its production at a time like this does the publisher no little credit.

E. M.

THE third number of *L'Amour de l'Art* recently received contains *inter alia* a series of reproductions of paintings by Charles Dufresne, drawings by Daumier, Derain and Picasso, and an illustrated article on Mathias Grunewald by Gabriel Mourey.

## EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

HAMPSTEAD ART GALLERY.—Exhibition of Contemporary Art.

LEICESTER GALLERIES.—Batik Paintings by Ethel Wallace.

SEVERAL important aspects of contemporary painting are represented at the Hampstead Art Gallery's summer exhibition. To begin with there is Mr. Lucien Pissarro, whose landscapes are in line with the more sober developments of modern French Impressionism, and then there is Mr. Mark Gertler, whose "Ballet Scene" stands for the Cézanne-Expressionist section of the London Group. Mr. Gertler's picture does not make an immediate or a popular appeal, and many visitors will, doubtless, be handicapped before it by prejudices which are fatal to its enjoyment. It can mean nothing, for instance, to anyone who assumes that it depicts a scene from the Russian ballet as Mr. Gertler saw it, because Mr. Gertler has not attempted to transcribe complete ocular impressions of the dancers in the way that the realistic or impressionist painter transcribes them, or the way that Mrs. Laura Knight transcribes them. He makes no attempt to reproduce the particular physical beauties of Massine or Karsavina, or the intriguing textures of their clothes, still less to reproduce their effect in limelight on the stage. Instead he gives us a synthetic statement of certain abstract æsthetic qualities inherent in their performance. The special dancing figure which he has selected to study in this picture is familiar to all frequenters of the ballet. It is the moment when the ballerina, after having been raised in the air by her partner behind her, sinks to earth again in a conventional attitude. Mr. Gertler has analysed certain plastic features of this group of two dancers in this famous figure, and in the process he has eliminated (or, at any rate, thrust into the background of his mind) the consciousness that these particular plastic features are created by human beings wearing particular clothes in a particular environment. A light mass of a certain shape and density (which happens to be the head and shoulders of a ballerina) is set upon a smaller darker mass (which is also, incidentally, the upper part of the dancer's dress), and these masses are in their turn set in relation to the other masses constituted by the bell-shaped skirt and the legs which taper to the pointed toes, and so on throughout the picture. This "Ballet Scene" is thus not a representation of the scene selected, but a reconstitution of the essential shapes and volumes put down by a mind which has sought to banish associated ideas and associated impressions of all kinds. As such it comes very near to success, and only falls short because the artist—who is still very young—has not yet attained to complete control of the several sides of his consciousness. Mr. David Bomberg's pictures must be approached in a similarly unprejudiced spirit. Mr. Bomberg knows quite well that his "Bending Woman" will not be immediately recognized in the experience of every man, woman and child who sees it, because instead of depicting a given woman in a given attitude he has extracted from the movement certain relative rhythms in the same way that Mr. Gertler has extracted certain relative volumes from the movements of the dancers. "Bending Woman" is definitely a failure because the rhythms selected for abstraction are obvious and the colour is harsh and non-significant. But Mr. Bomberg's other picture "Woman at Machine" (which is easily the best work we have seen from his brush) is much more satisfactory. Here the abstractions reveal unsuspected beauties in a humble subject, and the colour chosen (arbitrarily, of course, to convey an impression *per se*) makes an undeniably emotional appeal.

Another aspect is represented by Mr. Louis Sargent, Mr. Walter Bayes, and Mr. E. M. O'R. Dickey. Here we have traditional interpretation of the appearances of things expressed in arbitrary colour. All three artists rely in fact almost entirely on colours to give their pictures emphasis. Mr. Sargent enlivens a banal sketch of rocks by the imposition of a skin of red and blue purples, Mr. Bayes applies a similar skin of pretty colouring to the representation of a group of blind soldiers entering a theatre, and Mr. Dickey does much the same thing with a river landscape. Mrs. Evelyn Sargent gives interest to her still-life studies by a different though kindred method. She keeps a consistent and quite arbitrary surface all over her pictures, which somehow conveys the impression that they are painted on velvet or some thick-piled material. The result is not unpleasant, but it is, of

course, only a manner of painting, unimportant in itself and liable to degenerate into mannerism.

In the section devoted to drawings Mr. Albert Rutherfordstone was a water-colour on silk which makes the decorative appeal of an eighteenth-century Indian miniature with the added attraction of the delicate surface of the silk ground, which is infinitely more agreeable than the gouache texture of the Indian paintings. Water colours of merit are also shown by Mrs. Hodgkins, Mr. Moffat Lindner, Mrs. Clarke Hall, and Miss Clara Klinghoffer, who reveals considerable talent fostered by a sound Slade School training in a couple of stylish pen and wash drawings. This interesting exhibition, which reflects great credit on the enterprising Hampstead Art Gallery, concludes with a number of Mr. Edmond Kapp's energetic caricatures.

The Leicester Galleries have arranged an exhibition of Batik paintings on various materials by Miss Ethel Wallace of New York. There has been a vogue for Batik for some time past on the Continent, but there has been no serious exploitation of the medium on a large scale by artists in our own country. Batik, which comes originally from Java, is a method of decorating a fabric by painting a design upon it in molten wax and dipping the unpainted portions into a dye which will not affect the portions protected by the wax. The process can, of course, be repeated again and again until the fabric has taken on the required design and colours. The Javanese who retain their taste for Batik are, we understand, supplied regularly with a crude and cheap variety by Switzerland, and we can see Batik staining of this kind, where the colour variation is largely haphazard, in any of our own shop-windows any day. Miss Wallace's fabrics are much more elaborate and beautiful. In the first place the designs are in most cases very handsome, and in the second the whole process is executed by the artist's own hand.

R. H. W.

## IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

THE National Gallery has reopened four more rooms which are hung with pictures of the Flemish and Spanish schools. Our collection is notoriously rich in the Flemish primitives, and we can but marvel once again at the exquisite workmanship of these gem-like pictures and their extraordinary preservation. A most valuable acquisition is the "Virgin and Child with Two Angels," ascribed to Jacques Daret (purchased from Messrs. Brown & Phillips in 1918), which was formerly in the Murray Marks collection ascribed to Albrecht Bouts. It is a delightful painting; the head of the Virgin is visualized as a delicate egg-shaped oval on the supporting column of the neck, and the features are modelled on the surface with the tactile sensitiveness of Masaccio. From the primitives we pass abruptly to the magnificence of Rubens, with nothing between but Marinus van Reymerswael's ugly old usurers and Antonis Mor's male portrait painted about 1575. It is a joy to find Rubens still rioting in all his glory in "The Triumph of Silenus," and to see his mantle worn in devoted humility in Van Dyck's "Lady and Child" (bought from Earl Brownlow in 1914), which is characteristic of an interesting moment in Van Dyck's development. But we find the Cattaneo portraits—which arrest at first glance—terribly disappointing on inspection, particularly the male portrait with its monotonous Indian red carnations. These heads cannot, in our view, be compared to the "Cornelius van der Geest" or the superb series of full-lengths which have not yet made their reappearance. The larger of the Spanish rooms is dominated by the wonderful realization and superb plasticity in the paint of "The Adoration of the Shepherds" (formerly ascribed to Velasquez), and by the naked ecstasy and rhythmic intensity of the new El Greco. Beside these two masterpieces—so different, but each in its way an aspect of the human spirit—the Admiral and the Venus of Velasquez, and the two portraits by Goya, appear facile—almost slight. Only the portraits of Philip IV., handled with serene assurance and enveloped in cool grey light, can hold their own in such company. In the smaller Spanish room are the little boys of Murillo, the large "Dead Christ" of Spagnoletto, where the art of Italy blends with the art of Spain in a rich and golden harmony, and the beautiful "Orlando Muerto," which still defies the experts.

R. H. W.

## Music

### THE END OF THE OPERA

THERE has been one excitement at least to finish off an otherwise dreary season at Covent Garden—the sudden withdrawal of the Russian Ballet on Friday night for reasons which have not yet been fully made public. The substitution of "Tosca" did not exactly make up for the loss of "Thamar," "Le Astuzie Femminili," and "Le Tricorne," a programme which would have represented the Russian Ballet in the very best of their repertory. Yet "Tosca" was not totally devoid of interest. It can at least be said that the second act is the best work that Puccini has ever done. M. Maguenat is still rather uncomfortable with the Italian language, but his vivid power of characterization made Scarpia into a real personality. Mme. Edvina's Tosca was a curiously fascinating conception. Compared with most of the singers who have taken the part, she seemed to be regarding Tosca as a modernized *Mélisande*. But if *Non feci mai male ad anima viva* is the key to Tosca's character, Mme. Edvina was perfectly consistent in playing the part with that tranquil graciousness of manner which is one of her most delightful qualities. The obviously vocal style of Puccini's music gave her plenty of opportunities for straightforward beautiful singing. She passed through the lurid and vulgar melodrama with a strange and gentle air of serenity and dignity. Mme. Edvina has been the principal star—almost the only one, among the ladies—of the season. She has not always been up to her best level this year; but it is clear that the operas have not always been up to her best level either. *Mélisande*—if only her French were clearer—is her most characteristic part; her own charm of personality imposes itself upon Louise. For Manon she requires a finer degree of neatness in execution; to trouble about Thais is waste of time. She may be allowed to sing Tosca, but she must not be thrown away on any other Puccini parts. There are other operas which require her.

It was rumoured a few weeks ago that she was rehearsing for "Iphigénie en Tauride," but that opera, like "Goyescas" and "Andrea Chenier," remained in the land of unfulfilled hopes. It would have been interesting to see what she would have done with a part in the grand classical style. She ought certainly to sing the Countess in "Figaro," Donna Elvira in "Don Giovanni"—she is too gentle for Donna Anna—and perhaps Fiordiligi in "Così fan Tutte." A great opportunity was missed by not casting her for Euridice to Clara Butt's Orpheus; but perhaps it is asking too much to expect more than one first-rate female singer at a time. Among Verdi's heroines Amelia and Desdemona are the obvious parts for her, just as she would be an ideal Elsa in "Lohengrin." There is yet another great part in which she would be admirable, though I fear there is little chance of ever seeing her in it—Purcell's Dido.

Apart from Mme. Edvina, it is the Russian Ballet that has saved the opera season. Indeed, during the last few weeks the Ballet took almost complete possession of the house, for on the nights of mixed opera and ballet the ballet was generally the principal attraction. That the ballet should have ousted opera was not altogether to the taste of some of the regular devotees of Covent Garden. In a properly constituted opera-house the ballet is part of the establishment. Ballets and *ballet-divertissements* are given every now and then by themselves, but it is understood that the chief function of the ballet is to appear in those operas to which it is essential. At Paris, in old days, the ballet frequently appeared where it was not wanted at all; there used to be a disgraceful distortion of "Don Giovanni," into which movements from Mozart's



sonatas and symphonies were introduced simply for the purpose of dragging in a conventional ballet. There has been no collaboration at Covent Garden. Imagine the effect of M. Massine, Mme. Karsavina and the rest appearing to dance the ballets in "Orpheus" or "La Traviata"! And if Sir Thomas Beecham had offered in exchange to provide singers for "Le Astuzie Femminili," M. Diaghilev might well have declined the offer with thanks. "Le Astuzie Femminili" has been the most interesting of M. Diaghilev's new experiments. From the point of view of a lover of opera both old and new, it was quite unnecessary to make so many alterations to the original. Cimarosa's music would have sounded better with fewer instruments, for the additional accompaniments only drew attention to the fact that Cimarosa, delightful as he is, is not so great a man as Mozart. The interest of the entertainment lay not in the revival of an old opera, but in the application to it of the principles of ballet. Students of old music are naturally tempted to wish to see old operas put on the stage again; but as one comes to study them more carefully one realizes that very few will bear revival. And if they will not bear revival in their original form, let them remain in oblivion. The cult of the eighteenth century for the sake of mere quaintness is waste of time. It means either the exaltation of what is worthless, just for the sake of a few powdered wigs and hoop petticoats, or the degradation of an occasional masterpiece to the level of a toy for grown-up babies. What was important in "Le Astuzie Femminili," as given at Covent Garden, was the way in which the singers were trained to formal movements, and the attempt to make some sort of an artistic balance between opera and ballet. It would be a pity to see it followed up by more revivals or distortions of eighteenth-century operas. If the Russian Ballet wishes to advance on what are really valuable principles, M. Diaghilev must leave off adapting ready-made music, modern or antique, to the purposes of the dance, and must employ composers to write original music in collaboration with M. Massine—music that from the first conception of it shall be designed as ballet or as ballet in conjunction with opera. The idea, so often discussed, of having operas mimed by ballet-dancers, while the vocal parts are sung by invisible singers, as in M. Diaghilev's version of "Coq d'Or," leads only to a blind alley. The real lesson which the ballet has to teach the producer of opera is that just as song is more formal and artistic than speech, so it must be accompanied by movements that are artistically and formally designed. And this principle applies no less to a modern opera such as "Tosca" than it does to those of Mozart and Cimarosa.

As a consequence of the poor quality of this last opera season, there have been rumours that next year the management of the Metropolitan Opera-House at New York is to be asked to take over the Covent Garden season. George III. is no longer on the throne of England, but it is none the less humiliating that London should become a mere dependency of New York. The American singers who have given recitals this season in London do not give us great hopes for an American opera season. We are naturally envious of America for the great Continental singers who have deserted England for a wealthier country. But if an American season means a season of purely American singers we may well prefer to give up the idea of opera in its original language and content ourselves with our own English opera company.

EDWARD J. DENT.

Mr. Eric Kennington has completed his large panel for the Canadian War Museum, and sent it to Canada. It will, however, return temporarily to this country in the autumn in time to take its place in an exhibition of Mr. Kennington's recent works, which will be held in the Alpine Club Gallery.

## CONCERTS

SIGNOR FRANCESCO TICCITI, who gave a pianoforte recital at the Wigmore Hall on July 21, was announced as a pupil of Busoni, and there could be no doubt about his faithful discipleship. In his interpretations, particularly of Beethoven and Chopin, the influence of his master was almost too forcibly apparent, and he would have done better to choose a programme of different character for a *début* that took place within so few days of Busoni's own concerts. But he has evidently learned from Busoni the foundations of a fine technique which will stand him in good stead when he comes to develop his own individuality. He has a firm touch, with a beautiful fullness of tone that is admirably even and controlled; he has learned also how to maintain a strong singing quality in rapid passages, and to graduate the increase or decrease of volume in successions of chord-masses.

Another programme modelled on those of Busoni was played by Mr. Vassili Zavatsky on July 27, but in this case the pianist fell very far short of his ambitions. M. Zavatsky is one of those players whose technique is not equal to the demands of temperament. His playing of Liszt's sonata showed in many places a vein of real poetry, but it was wanting in balance; there was no architectural conception of the sonata as a whole, and its more grandiose passages suffered badly from unsteadiness of control. The lucid classical outline of Beethoven's last sonata saved the player from much confusion of thought, but its strength and serenity were qualities that M. Zavatsky entirely failed to realize. He is certainly not a showy player, and it would be unjust to dismiss him as merely a sentimental one; but if he is to become a serious pianist he must concentrate much more severely on the technical and still more on the intellectual side of his art.

HOW TO TEACH SCHOOL DANCES. By Hermie Woolnoth and R. J. C. Chanter. (Evans Brothers. 4s. 6d.)—A simple introduction to teach the steps of what the authors rather unfortunately style "Country and Art Dancing." Unfortunately also is the prefatory remark that "Country Dancing of the seventeenth century was doubtless a somewhat clumsy affair, and the reproductions seen to-day are the result of much refinement and artistic taste." So far as any "country" dancing can be said to exist to-day, it is simply the persistence of a tradition in one or two isolated cases; the modern cult of the folk-dance is a different thing altogether, and at the root of it lies the conviction that we are not more "artistic" and "refined" than our ancestors of three hundred years past, but a great deal less so. Still, many teachers may derive some help from the little book, which is well illustrated.

THE group of musicians known as "Les Six," whose literary protector and advocate is Jean Cocteau, have recently brought out the first number of their new monthly "sheet" *Le Coq*. We say "sheet," as we do not know how else to describe this publication, which is printed on red "papier d'affiche" folded in six; but a good deal of interesting and witty material is crowded in. "Le Coq réédue l'esprit"—such is their "devise." Erik Satie prints the following "mot": "Ravel refuse la Légion d'Honneur, mais toute sa musique l'accepte." Under the heading "latest news" we read that "the 6" are no longer interested in harmonic counterpoint, that the "Ligue Anti-Moderne" is founded, and we are assured of a "Retour à la poésie; disparition du gratte-ciel; réapparition de la rose." The promise is maintained by a charming poem by Cocteau, "Souvenirs d'Enfance," from which we may quote these two stanzas (half the poem), although their connection with music is a slight one:

Les noix ta mère les dore  
Pour ton arbre de Noël  
Souliers au bord de l'aurore  
Ils approuvoient le ciel.

Jadis l'enfance chérie  
Voyageait allumant des  
Liverpool de féerie  
Splendides à regarder.

To conclude, another "mot" of Satie's: "Toute ma eunesse on me disait: Vous verrez quand vous aurez 50 ans. J'ai 50 ans. Je n'ai rien vu." Moral . . . ?

## Drama

## A CENTURY OF EVOLUTION

## I.—THE FALL OF THE TRAGEDIANS

MR. THOMAS H. DICKINSON'S small but closely-packed volume on "The Contemporary Drama of England" (Murray, 7s. 6d. net) has not, we think, so far had full justice from its reviewers. No doubt its pages seem gritty to those who expect theatrical history to consist chiefly of lively anecdotes; they are curiously impersonal and sober in tone. Mr. Dickinson has, of course, his judgments to deliver in his own unemotional style, but his first aim is to collect facts and trace tendencies. He accumulates material from which others may, if they like, draw conclusions. And since his work (particularly in its opening chapters) does something to fill a gap in the history of our theatre—for Doran's great work ends with Edmund Kean, and it is not really till the Robertson revival in the 'sixties that the theatrical recorders get busy again—it seems worth while to consider the results of his labours, to supplement them a little, where that is possible, and perhaps to draw a lesson or two from the story.

Mr. Dickinson aptly entitles the opening period of his book, which runs roughly from the abolition of the patents in 1843 to the outbreak of theatre-building in 1865, the "Decline of the Romantic Tradition." Let us, however, be quite sure in what sense we are here using the word "Romantic." Certainly "Romanticism" in its strict sense, acting through such channels as the plays of Kotzebue—to whom we owe Sheridan's "Pizarro," which his own Puff could hardly have surpassed for absurdity—or Hugo's "Cromwell," had an influence on the British stage; but England after all possessed the great founts of all latter-day Romanticism, Shakespeare and the Elizabethans, and had not to borrow from contemporary Germany or France. Right up to Macready's retirement Shakespeare was the regular fare of the English playgoer to an extent undreamed of to-day; but so, too, were the terrible tragedies of the corrupt following of Shakespeare. Those who will may admire Thomas Otway (and we shall see what they make of "Venice Preserved" when it is actually played, as it is soon to be), but who can endure without blenching the thought of the terrible petrifications which arose from the attempt to graft on the Shakespearian tradition the ideals of classical French tragedy? Who could survive a performance of Addison's "Cato," or Johnson's "Irene," or Philips's version of "Andromaque" called the "Distressed Mother," or Talfour's "Ion"? Here, and in Sheridan Knowles, who at least struggled to get back into the proper English tradition, you have the "drama of rhetoric" as it flourished, much like the barren plants of Mrs. Pipchin's marine window-boxes, when the abolition of the patent monopoly came to lay the axe to it.

Mr. Dickinson does not, curiously enough, lay stress on one important feature of the patent system which Mr. A. B. Walkley pointed out some years ago in that excellent book of studies "Drama and Life." So long as only three theatres in the swiftly growing metropolis were legally entitled to play the "legitimate"—Drury Lane, Covent Garden and the Little Theatre in the Haymarket—were the privileged three—vast auditoriums were necessarily the order of the day. In 1808 Covent Garden was burnt down (by a just visitation) after a performance of "Pizarro." In 1809 it was rebuilt at a cost of £150,000. "Smirke," we are told by Doran, "had taken for his model the Acropolis of Athens," but he had failed to perceive, as Renan did in his famous prayer, that "si ta cella devait être assez large pour contenir une foule,

elle croulerait aussi." The roof of the great building did not, indeed, come down, but, because, says Doran, "the house was unnecessarily large, and attendant costs so heavy," the seats went up. Then flamed forth the famous "O.P. riots," designed to terrorize the management into conceding the "old prices" again—the "gods" complaining that while they paid more for their places, they could, from their dizzy Olympus, see nothing but the distant legs of the actors. It was a sign that things were becoming impracticable, that more theatres must be licensed to hold the increasing number of playgoers. But until this reform took place—and it was delayed, as we have seen, till 1843—there could be no change in the style of acting or the kind of play presented. The romantic tragedian held the field, simply because his sonorous elocution and large gestures were as requisite for effect in the enormous houses where he played, as the masks and cothurni of the Greek actors were in their spacious open-air theatres scooped from the hillsides. Realistic drama could not be born under these conditions. Until something approaching a *théâtre intime* was possible, all attempts at a minute and faithful delineation of actual life would have been swallowed up in the huge void that gaped beyond the footlights.

When, therefore, Mr. Dickinson, in his careful way, enumerates six divisions in the drama of the period 1840-1865, we feel he is drawing distinctions without a difference. The stage is more conservative than any British institution, and the traditions of patented days long survived the abolition of the patents. In Mr. Dickinson's own words, all through these years "Romanticism, though past its prime, continues to supply the motives as well as the formulæ and characters of plays both prose and verse." It could not be otherwise. Mr. Dickinson's divisions are Verse plays, Melodrama, Burlesque and Extravaganza, Domestic Drama, High Comedy and Farce. The first three of these groups belong obviously to Romanticism. Verse tragedy we have sufficiently discussed. Melodrama Mr. Dickinson traces to the influence of the Kotzebue historical plays and the French historical dramas that followed "Hernani." Lytton's false and sentimental productions are no doubt diluted Hugo, but modern melodramas surely belong to Mr. Dickinson's "Domestic" category, which includes "rural plays," "nautical plays" (associated with the name of T. P. Cooke), and "racing plays." It may be worth while, however, to recall what "melodrama" was in its origin. It was an effort (due mainly, we fancy, to Rich's work at Covent Garden) to give the attractions of grand opera, the music and the splendid scenery, without the singers. It is thus essentially spectacular and imaginative, a pure Romantic product. Pantomimists naturally found scope in it; and we read that Grimaldi was noted for his performance of the dumb slave Kasrac in "Aladdin." This must be the version of "Aladdin" given in that tiny goldmine for the stage-historian "Pollock's Juvenile Drama"; and the Pollock "Aladdin" preserves, we believe, the type of the primitive "melodrama." It is appropriately called "A Grand Romantic Spectacle."

Burlesque and extravaganza are natural epiphenomena of the Romantic stage; but in Mr. Dickinson's second group—Domestic Drama, High Comedy and Farce—we are tempted to seek the beginnings of realism. Why we do not (and cannot) find them at this date is made plain by a most instructive passage in Thackeray's "Sketches and Travels in London." Describing an imaginary performance of "one of Mr. Boyster's comedies of English life," he observes:

I could not help remarking how like the comedy was to life—how the gentlemen always say "thou," and "prithee," and "go to," and talk about heathen goddesses to each other; how their servants are always their particular intimates, how when there is

serious love-making between a gentleman and lady, a comic attachment invariably springs up between the valet and waiting maid of each; how Lady Grace Gadabout, when she calls upon Rose Ringdove to pay a morning visit, appears in a low satin dress, with jewels in her hair; how Saucebox, her attendant, wears diamond brooches and rings on all her fingers; while Mrs. Tallyho, on the other hand, transacts all the business of life in a riding habit, and always points her jokes by a cut of the whip.

Mark the trail of the Romantic serpent over this attempted comedy of manners. Observe not only the bastard poetic diction, but the waiting maid duplicating her mistress in love, as the Confidante of tragedy does in despair. "Enter Tilburina stark-mad in white satin, and the Confidante stark-mad in white muslin." Most instructive of all, note the crude exaggeration of costume and character-drawing. It is the life of the day seen through a magnifying glass, distended to meet the ruling requirement of *size*.

The abolition of the patents made the death of this debased, rhetorical, and romantic drama inevitable. The last hope of a rebirth of tragedy went when Browning, after an initial failure or two, turned aside from the stage—an irreparable disaster. But, as Mr. Dickinson shrewdly insists, a golden opportunity was missed in 1843 of establishing a national theatre. Drury Lane and Covent Garden, while their privileges lasted, had preserved a certain tradition, had upheld a certain standard and dignity. They had done what they could to fill the rôle of the Comédie Française in England. Now:

In suddenly liberating the theatres without giving any support to the better standards of the nation's drama, the English Parliament showed the same disregard for dramatic art that had been shown in continuing the patents. Here was an opportunity permanently to establish the national theatre as a guardian of tradition and a school of the art. No such thing was done. All the theatres were put upon the same plane, to fight the battle of life or death with such weapons as they had.

The remainder of Mr. Dickinson's book is in some sense (as we shall see) a picture of the working out of this disastrous application of the commercial axiom of Free Trade to the drama. More than half of all our subsequent troubles have flowed from it. Things are in fact still much where they were when Planché, the year after the Theatres Regulation Act, wrote his satirical couplet which Mr. Dickinson quotes:

A stage may rise for you now law will let it,  
And Punch sincerely wishes you may get it.

D. L. M.

(To be continued.)

## A TRIP TO DREAMLAND

PALLADIUM.—"The Station Hotel" (Hanlon Brothers Troupe).

IN an article entitled "Genii of the Ring" in THE ATHENÆUM for January 2 last, mention was made of the celebrated Hanlon-Lees troupe of acrobatic pantomimists, who made such a deep impression on Paris in the 'seventies of the last century. These clowns of genius undoubtedly provided Edmond de Goncourt with the inspiration for his curious romance of circus life "Les Frères Zemganno," in which he records his surprise at finding that such poignant emotions of horror and tragedy, such weird suggestions of dreams and hallucinations, could be provoked by mere physical agility.

The Hanlon Brothers, who have been appearing these last weeks at the Palladium, are related (we do not know in what precise degree) to the historic troupe that so powerfully stirred the imagination of a Goncourt, a Huysmans, and a Banville. They are not the only figures in the theatrical world of to-day who have inherited traces of the magic and the mastery that belonged to a less machine-made stage than our own, which at the same time produced a more rigorous technique and allowed more scope to individual fantasy. Frankly, we do not

suppose that "The Station Hotel" as they play it, with indifferent lighting and scenery destructive of all illusion, would ever arrest the attention of poets and artists in the way their predecessors' sketches did. Yet there is enough in this fragment and in their own pantomimic skill to give the suggestion and flavour of the original Hanlon-Lees. We see how acrobatics can be intellectualized.

"The Station Hotel" is—at least in purpose—a nightmare with all the qualities of the dream-world. Pierrot, the page-boy, with his mute, appealing white mask, listens apprehensively to the expresses as they thunder round the curve, shaking the crazy timbers of the building. If one should jump the rails—! How he capers before his reflection in the mirror! But the reflection, tired of obedience, breaks suddenly free. It lights a cigar in his face and laughs at him. Decidedly this hotel is haunted! From an uneasy doze at nightfall Pierrot wakes to see a hideous skeleton Death, which menaces him with a rattling of bones and chains. He tries to grapple with this spectre, and behold, it is glued to his back! Like a shadow it clings to him, keeping pace with his steps and following the motions of his hands with scraggy fingers. (Here, certainly, we realize what Goncourt meant in saying of this kind of pantomime that "parfois elle vous fait passer légèrement dans le dos, ce que le siècle dernier appelait la 'petite mort.'") But now Pierrot is encircled by phantom Familiars of the Inquisition—serve him right, impenitent *filz de Voltaire* that he has always been!—he is dragged to the block, the enormous axe swings . . . crack! his head rolls on the ground. . . He is carrying his own head now, St. Denys-like. . . The mistress of the hotel is shaking him, bidding him wake in earnest, and averring (what we suddenly perceive to be the case) that it is only a white china jug he is nursing so ruefully. But even as they argue the point, there is a roar, a screeching whistle, and a huge engine with glaring eyes and snorting nostrils comes crashing through the walls of the hotel, and, larger and larger every moment, it seems, heads straight for the footlights and the audience.

And so, as the lights are turned up, and the ingenious trick is exposed, the nightmare dissolves in laughter. Played with the grim and ruthless intensity that tradition ascribes to the original Hanlon-Lees, it would be twice as terrible as it is when given by the more gay and debonair inheritors of their name. But it gives us a glimpse of a quaint and vanished art, and what a blessing the unexpected is in this age of the cinema!

D. L. M.

## Correspondence

### THE HAWTHORNDEN PRIZE

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Will you allow me, as a member of the Committee which awards the Hawthornden Prize, to clear up one or two points which, in your current issue, you say are still obscure?

(1) The Prize can go to a book of verse or to a book of prose. Speaking for myself, I may say that I should be very sorry if the impression were to get abroad that the Committee had a bias in favour of verse as such. As a matter of fact, the majority of the books which this year were selected by the members of the Committee for a careful reconsideration were books in prose.

(2) The period during which the books under review appeared was the period July 1, 1919—June 30, 1920. It is likely that next year May 31 may be taken as a closing date in order that the meeting may not have to be fixed, as it was this year, for a time when many persons interested are taking their holidays.



Criticisms as courteous as yours will certainly be taken "in good part" by the Committee, which is fully conscious of the difficulty and delicacy of its task.

Yours, etc.,

July 30, 1920.

J. C. SQUIRE.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—Most of those who attended the second award of "The Hawthornden Prize" will have read your notes on it with gratitude. The Chairman's speech certainly gave the impression that the Prize was restricted to poetry, and it was quite clear, from the conversation in the hall, that everyone who went there expected a poet to win it. During the last two or three months the claims of various writers have been much discussed in unofficial circles, and I have found that no one for one moment imagined that a novelist would be successful. It was hardly thought worth while to mention such books as Clemence Dane's "Legend," A. P. Herbert's "The Secret Battle," Frank Swinnerton's "September," Virginia Woolf's "Night and Day," or Aldous Huxley's "Limbo."

This does not mean that Mr. Freeman's "Poems, New and Old" is not the best piece of imaginative literature produced during the last year (although a great part of the book had been written and published many months since), but it would surely be wise, in view of the discontent that such a prize is bound to cause, to admit to the Committee a novelist like J. D. Beresford or Hugh Walpole. Mr. Squire is one of the best critics that we have, but one is naturally more interested in one's own craft.

At the same time this particular prize will probably be far more often earned by a writer of verse than a writer of prose. The writing of good prose demands gifts that only come with the years—patience, a limitless patience, constructive ability, a sense of the relativity of things, a knowledge of character and motive that can only come with experience. A young writer is always changing, and a novel takes many months to write. Half-way through he may very likely find that his attitude towards his characters has altered and the thing is in two bits. Prose requires maturity and a calm outlook far more than poetry does; lyric poetry is spontaneous, an expression of moods, a thing of youth. What I mean to say is this, that if the bulk of poetry produced by men of under forty during the last 300 years were set beside the bulk of prose produced by men of under forty during the same period, the general quality of the verse would be infinitely superior. In the same way the prose written by men of over forty would be found to be better than the work of poets over forty. A prose writer is only beginning to find himself when he gets towards middle age, but by that time a poet is often done with, and it is interesting to note that if no age limit had been set to the Hawthornden Prize, the choice would have lain inevitably between three books of prose—"Seven Men," by Max Beerbohm; "Avowals," by George Moore; and "The Rescue," by Joseph Conrad.

Yours, etc.,

ALEC WAUGH.

#### RHYME AND METRE OR VERS LIBRE

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Hueffer's letter in THE ATHENÆUM for July 16 is very interesting. But what a leg-pull! I am referring, of course, to my own startled member—and that of the general reader, the public. But I (the public's spokesman) am not "having any," for I think I can remonstrate for those who have little leisure to reply to Mr. Hueffer. I read the offending review; it was as clear as daylight, and the spirit of it as restrained as a man's irritation can be. Mr. Flint runs out with a drawn sword and a "This shalt thou have, and this only"; whereupon THE ATHENÆUM says "get away," and puts up its shield. Some of us must be feeling rather grateful to THE ATHENÆUM for putting up its shield. It was not done "flippantly" or "light-heartedly"—at any rate I was not conscious of this—but raised, as it were, with a glitter, in a suddenness of self-defence. Even an intelligent and well-meaning reviewer can't help getting irritated sometimes, and an exhibition of wrath is, maybe, more manful and honourable than the cold presentment of the runaway back of indifference—the shallow reviewer's snub of silence.

And to show that there is no foolish bias I would state that I have at times been much moved by some of Mr. Hueffer's poems, and have often delighted in Mr. Flint (I speak, perhaps, for many a man in the street), but their work has left me, for all that, unsatisfied and unconvinced. Granted that their work is the studied manipulation of primitive expression uttered under stress of emotion—and an artist's to boot—it exerts, nevertheless, little permanent effect on the primitive mind. I have tried it on all kinds of people, and I am entirely certain of my ground. The more formless is poetry, so much the more will it fail in the hour of need. And there is one kind of primitive mind besides my own with which I am in daily contact and with which I have been in daily contact for many years—the child's.

I am a schoolmaster, I teach boys, and therefore I can be credited to speak the truth about this matter. English children may be often moved and convinced by real metrical speech—for instance, by much of Burns, or Blake, or Campbell, or Coleridge, or Tennyson, or Newbolt, or Masfield, or William Davies, or even by the more archaic Shakespeare. And they will be held by such a poem as Browning's "Lost Leader"; while German children like the best of Heine (one of the greatest metrical artists). Above all, do they delight in ancient balladry—the poetry created by the primitive mind and for the primitive mind. But emotional children are merely tantalized and puzzled when you give them Walt Whitman to read; while to serve them with a dose of the later writers of vers libre is often to be guilty of a veritable pedagogic indiscretion and promote an incentive to disorder (though something good is to be said for Mr. Hueffer's "Antwerp"). The other day I was confronted by a restless ragging "form" of older boys, and, seeking to promote the necessary interest, I read them Keats' "La belle dame sans merci." The effect was electrifying and instantaneous. But they would not at that moment have listened to anything so amorphous or in the jelly as the kind of poetry advocated by Mr. Hueffer and Mr. Flint. Moreover, boys will sometimes write verse (by order, or of their own free will), and when they do it badly, without due regard to time and rhythm, it sometimes sounds like a bad parody of the style of Mr. Hueffer or Mr. Flint, though, certainly, never quite as bad a parody of style as Mr. Squire once wrote of Mr. Masfield. And the boys who write this free verse, be it noted, are generally those who appreciate poetry the least and have the weakest feeling for Beauty and Rhythm.

So much for the primitive mind, which really best appreciates a ballad, a song, a moving lilt. I could continue this further if I had more inclination, and show that what gives pleasure to children also gives pleasure to the unspoiled adult. And I would also add that I have always been under the impression that the psalms of David mentioned by Mr. Hueffer were originally written in metre, that many portions of the Hebrew Bible were in metre, having been somewhat weakened by their rendering into vers libre.

Mr. Flint's jumping-off place, his castle of security, is the Poetry Bookshop of Devonshire Street. What about the flippancy and light-heartedness of some of the past criticism coming from the Poetry Bookshop! What about its virulence, its partisanship, its yellow-mindedness! What about this criticism taken from a pre-war number of *Poetry and Drama*?

We are in no fear of doing injustice to the poems by quotation [i.e., Mr. Stephen Southwold's], for almost any other verses are as bad as these. "The Hurdy-Gurdy" by —, in the same number, is surely also a disgrace to any periodical that purports to represent the best literature. We ourselves, we confess, have made mistakes, but none, we hope, as bad as those of the editor of the *English Review* on this inauspicious occasion. We would remind the *English Review* of the public responsibility of its reputation, and would suggest that it would be better not to print any poetry at all than to approach a wavering public with verses which may disgust it into withdrawing its attention from the real poetry of modern England.

The italics of *real* are my own; and I would remark that the *English Review* poems were never sent to *Poetry and Drama* to remark on, and the full-page review read too much like an attempt to put down two unhonoured people for taking up the precious space that ought to have been monopolized by Poetry Bookshop poets. It is a long time ago. But there is a moral—Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

Yours, etc.,

P.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—My answer to Mr. George Engleheart is that no art is formless, and the "apparently uncontrolled" *vers libre* has to be controlled by the poetic sensibility of the writer. Very little of the *vers libre* being written is good poetry because good poets are much less numerous than writers of verse, and it takes a good poet to select the inevitable, and no more than the inevitable, words that make a poem. There are no "rules, prosodic or otherwise." I should like to assure Mr. George Engleheart that it is not worth while taking Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer seriously on this subject. I have heard him lecture.

Yours sincerely,

R. L. MEGROZ.

P.S.—On second thoughts, I want to add that by "no rules" I mean that though the principles of artistic expression in literature cannot be violated (*e.g.* those relating to consonance of sound and sense, logical consistency, and imaginative truth), neither free nor formal verse is made into poetry by any rational rules as to quantity, length, diction—in short, as to "form" apart from what Prof. Bradley calls "substance." But a long "*vers libre*" poem is *ipso facto* suspect.

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED.]

### THE PERFECT CRITIC

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Mr. Hannay doubts whether I have justified my distinction between the critic and the philosopher, and suspects that I am making a distinction between a kind of philosophical criticism of which I approve and another kind of which I disapprove. If I *have* made this distinction between kinds to Mr. Hannay's satisfaction, and not merely shown that I like some critical writings and not others, then I ought to be content. The frontier cannot be clearly defined; at all events I trust that Mr. Hannay would agree that Hegel's "Philosophy of Art" adds very little to our enjoyment or understanding of art, though it fills a gap in Hegel's philosophy. I have in mind a rather celebrated passage towards the end of Taine's "History of English Literature" (I have not the book by me) in which he compares Tennyson and Musset. Taine is a person for whom I have considerable respect, but this passage does not seem to me to be good as criticism; the comparative vision of French and English life does not seem to me to issue quite ingenuously out of an appreciation of the two poets; I should say that Taine was here philosophizing rather than "developing his sensibility into a generalized structure."

I do not understand Mr. Hannay's request that I should quote an instance of "this generalization which is neither itself poetry nor discursive reasoning." I find in Chambers (the only dictionary within reach) that "discursive" means "desultory," "rational," or "proceeding regularly from premises to conclusion." Surely I have not pretended that criticism should avoid "discursive reasoning" in this last sense?

As to the question whether my article on "The Perfect Critic" was itself philosophy or perfect criticism, I need only refer Mr. Hannay to the "Principia Mathematica" Chap. II., especially p. 65 (The Theory of Types and the Cretan Liar: "Hence the statement of Epimenides does not fall within its own scope, and therefore no contradiction emerges").

I am, Sir,

Your obliged obedient servant,

T. S. ELIOT.

### THE "CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER" ON "IN MEMORIAM"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—The interesting notes on periodicals of a hundred years ago contain a quotation from the *Christian Remembrancer*. The late Mr. James Payn (in 1889) said that this was the serial that described "In Memoriam" as coming from the full heart of the widow of a military man. The story has often been told, but without the name of the magazine. Perhaps your contributor knows whether the *Remembrancer* (presumably about 1850) really said that.

Yours truly,

JOHN D. HAMILTON.

11, Prince's Square, Glasgow.

## Foreign Literature

### TWO GERMAN WOMEN-POETS

NEUE BALLADEN UND LIEDER. Von Lulu von Strauss und Torney. (Berlin, Egon Fleischel & Co. 5m.)

NEBEN DER TROMMEL HER. Von Ina Seidel. (Same publishers. 3m.)

WELTINNIGKEIT. Von Ina Seidel. (Same publishers. 3m.)

THERE is no woman-writer in modern German literature to equal the genius of a Jane Austen or a Christina Rossetti. What, however, the Germans have lacked in quality they have amply made up in quantity—especially in our day. For it is probable that no other country in the world at the present time can show such a large number of woman-writers—of a respectable degree of talent—as Germany. In the novel there has been Enrica von Handel-Mazzetti, the Austrian novelist whose chief work "*Arme Margaret*," published in 1911, is one of the outstanding novels in German twentieth-century literature. There have also been Margarete von Bülow and the far inferior Gabrielle Reuter, the very popular, but far from contemptible Clara Viebig, the less well-known, but scarcely less important Agnes Miegel. In the short story there is Isolde Kurz; in criticism and in the historical epic Ricarda Huch, whose "*Ausbreitung und Verfall der Romantik*" is one of the most remarkable volumes of criticism, her "*Der grosse Krieg und Deutschland*"—that is, the Thirty Years' War—one of the best historical novels of the present century. In drama there is Else Lasker-Schüler, who has recently issued her "*Collected Works*," and also a new play "*Die Wupper*." Finally, in poetry there is a host of names, including most of those just mentioned, especially Isolde Kurz, Ricarda Huch, Agnes Miegel, and, in addition, Alberta von Puttkamer, Irene Forbes-Mosse, Hedwig Lachmann, and Lulu von Strauss und Torney.

The last-named writer may be taken as representative of those poets whose reputations are well established. Of those of a younger generation, whose title to recognition is not yet quite assured, the best example is Ina Seidel. The name of the first was given a permanent place in German literature more than ten years ago; the "*Neue Balladen und Lieder*" by her, under review, is a reissue of a volume first published in 1908. It then had instant success. Ballad-poetry has been much cultivated in German literature in the present century, above all by Börries Freiherr von Münchhausen, who preceded by about two years Lulu von Strauss und Torney in publishing a volume of ballads. It would be a mistake to deduce from this that there is any imitation of Börries von Münchhausen in the early work of the woman-writer. Her inspiration is derived from another woman-poet—Annette von Droste-Hülshoff, the contemporary and hostile critic of George Sand. In any case, it is in distinct contrast to the work, as well as the *Lebensanschauung*, of the aristocratic von Münchhausen; the opposition is between the romantic ballad and the realistic ballad—realistic in method and homely in subject. Lulu von Strauss und Torney sometimes chooses historical themes—"Der Welfensteiner Ausritt" is an example—but her treatment of them is always simple and severe, as from an artist who has made a close and sympathetic study of humble folk. In the majority of these ballads—written with the wealth of double rhyme the German language offers so generously to the poet—it is chiefly with the lives of fisher-folk (as in "*Der Seefahrer*" and "*Des Schiffers Brief*"), of peasants (as in "*Letzte Ernte*"), of nuns (as in the moving poem "*Die Nonne*"), and of others who are remote from the world of fashion and business, that the writer concerns herself.

Apart from the personal preference which is indicated by this fact, there is nothing subjective in Lulu von Strauss

und Torney's ballads. For further insight into the poet's mind the reader must turn to the songs and other poems contained in the second half of the book under review. Technically not so finished as the ballads, historically not so significant, they are more interesting from the personal point of view. Broadly they may be called an interpretation of life by a woman. Not all woman-poets are distinctively feminine in their outlook as revealed in their work. Lulu von Strauss und Torney certainly is, as nearly all the poems in the cycles "Aus Einsamkeiten" and "Leben" bear witness. The poet passes in review all the dreams and longings of girlhood; she looks on the sins and follies of others with a tolerant eye; but at last she comes to the peace of religious activity: "Sich mühen heisst dir beten, und Andacht ist die Tat," is a phrase in her last poem. That is not very profound, but its phrasing is not banal, and the road which leads to it is bestrewn with a number of poems, particularly the nature-poems, which will be quoted—deservedly so—in any catholic anthology of German lyric poetry of the twentieth century.

The same can be confidently said of Ina Seidel. Her first noteworthy volume was published only during the war, in 1915. It was entitled "Neben der Trommel her," and included a number of poems on the war. It is enough to say that in the immense mass of rubbish written by German poets in the first twelve months some of these lyrics were distinguished—and remain distinguished—by their genuineness of feeling and their freshness of expression—where so much was mere *cliché* and artistic insincerity. And some of the other poems in the book gave promise of deeper things to come. An example is the poem "Weltinnigkeit," which the poet selected as the title of her second collection, just issued:

Dir so fromm zu nahen, Welt,  
Wie du mir entgegenblüht,  
Rein geschaffen, unverstellt,  
Dass du mich verwandt begrüsst,

Dass das Gras da nicht verdorrt,  
Wo ich lag in Mittagsglut,  
Blume blühe schöner fort  
Drauf mein Auge still geruht,

Dass mit Licht und Kiefernduft  
Segnend durch mein Blut du schwimmst,  
Wie das Herbstlaub aus der Luft  
Schaffend in den Schoss mich nimmst,

Wenn mein Kreislauf ist bestellt  
Und zu Ende meine Zeit,—  
Dir so fromm zu nahen, Welt,  
Bin ich immerdar bereit.

A comparison with the young poet Franz Werfel, the writer of the collection "Wir sind," whose works were reviewed in THE ATHENÆUM for May 7 last, comes immediately into the mind. And when the reader reaches the volume "Weltinnigkeit" he finds, in such a poem as "Allein," pure Werfel. The same passionate assertion of the value of individuality, the same all-embracing sympathy with and absorption in the world of woods and mountains and stars and flowers, the world of other men and their desires and aspirations—this is also expressed in this latest work of one of the most important poets—certainly the most important woman-poet—in Germany of to-day.

THE familiar Semeuse on the French postage stamps is to be changed, though not, it is to be feared, for the better. Thirty-three designs for the new stamp are now being exhibited in Paris—designs in which the competitors have had "to commemorate the military victory and the historic mission of France in the world." No wonder the designs are not very striking, and that the best is reported by the *Times* correspondent to be a figure of France seated on a roaring lion and holding aloft a torch.

## A COSTUME NOVEL

L'INFANTE. Par Louis Bertrand. (Paris, Fayard & Cie. 6fr. 50.)

COSTUME novels, such as is M. Louis Bertrand's latest publication, labour under a peculiar initial disadvantage: the necessity for creating and sustaining an "atmosphere"; and the more the author inclines to mistake the nature of this necessity, and to regard it not, as he should, as a difficult obstruction in his path, but as in itself an opportunity, the more oppressive it becomes. There are a number of things which the reader of a novel, after his introduction to new surroundings, should be able to take for granted; or rather he should slip into realization of them, so to speak, painlessly, guided by the writer's skilfully unobtrusive exposition. Peculiarities of deportment, for instance, where they differ markedly from the native and familiar; details of dress; the characteristic physiognomy of household furniture and of natural scenery: all such things, forming as they do so inalienable a part of a romantic, or of any, novel, are nevertheless by no means the core of it, any more than our sense of well-being on a summer day is to be found in, and explained by, an analysis of the effect of sun and wind upon our skins. In obtaining, in short, the due effect of local colour or of "atmosphere" lies the chief opportunity for the artist of concealing his art. If he succeeds, and the reader can thus realize the conditions of the story, both as regards mental tone and visible colour, without the sensation either of listening to a lecture or of attending a performance on the cinema, it is then, and then only, possible for the personages of the story to assume their proper interest, and to derive significance from the fitness, instead of eclipse from the predominance, of their surroundings.

Some such consideration as this may help to explain the effect of frigidity in M. Bertrand's romance—a frigidity which robs his minor characters of all except historical, or local, interest, and invests his heroine throughout her passionate ascent through ignorance, doubt and resolution to heroic love, and, finally, to renunciation, with a sort of theatrical, but not dramatic, propriety.

M. Bertrand passes no occasion for exhaustive description; no juncture of events, no emotional crisis but is supported by the utmost circumstantial detail, and produced with the full ingenuity of the decorator's art; so that much of the psychological interest of the story is crushed under the vast superstructure of descriptive writing.

And yet how splendid a scene it is! The little, grim town of Villefranche amongst the stormy splendour of the Pyrenees; the deserts of Spain, the royal palace of Madrid; Versailles newly sprung from pride: scenes full of wonder and magnificence—and, one would like to add, of beauty. But it is just here that M. Bertrand halts. His work is, indeed, polished, incisive, glittering; but the pomps of nature and of human vanity are to him, one feels, spectacular only, inspiring no subtler feelings of terror, love, or personal participation. M. Bertrand is a brilliant recorder of phenomena, but he has not the quality of imagination to impart to them significance. That is a quality which, being properly poetic, belongs to all truly imaginative writing; and it is a condition of beauty. Perhaps also it is a condition of the romantic spirit—of that true romanticism of which Æschylus, for example, is full, and the lack of which in French literature most forcibly strikes an English reader.

And it is this lack of imaginative power, inherent in his mind and emphasized by his method, that accounts for the fact that a theme full of tragic possibility has become, in M. Bertrand's hands, merely a brilliant melodrama.



**LA PERCÉE.** Par Jean Bernier. (Paris, Albin Michel. 5fr. 75.)—"La Percée" is not so much a novel as a fragment of autobiography, a picture of life in the trenches during the years 1914-1915. The book is ferociously vivid, written with a passionate bitterness and sincerity, a passionate sense of wrong suffered. From the first page to the last, all is horror and misery, yet, somehow, we no more think of doubting its truth than we would the tale of some tortured child sobbed out incoherently while his wounds were still fresh and bleeding. The strength of the feeling behind "La Percée" gives it an almost lyrical intensity. The disjointed style, the brief sentences, the broken paragraphs, all help to produce an effect of direct impressionism, of a vision so clear as to approach hallucination. It is not life remembered, life imagined, but life suffered over again. It is also a fierce indictment of those in command behind the French lines. In its sincerity, its exasperation, its violence as of nerves stretched to the breaking point, it recalls the earlier work of Huysmans. It is, perhaps, unfair, to much the same degree as that work was unfair; yet here, as in the case of Huysmans, we cannot help placing ourselves on the side of the author.

... **MAIS VIVRE!** Par Marcel Berger. (Paris, Albin Michel. 5fr. 75.)—Yet another war novel, but this time a novel of intrigue. "Roman du dépôt" the sub-title runs, and, throughout, the scene is laid behind the French lines. It is concerned with the scheming of Dortenne to avoid being sent to the front—a subject rendered curiously unpleasant by the seriousness with which it is treated, the seriousness with which Dortenne takes himself. For he is no Falstaff; he has neither the humour nor the engaging frankness which so endear to us that fat non-combatant. Dortenne is the worst kind of coward—the coward who finds a justification for each miserable step he takes, who would save his skin and his soul at the same time. A sordid chronicle, then; and the love-story woven through it does little to relieve the sordidness. On the contrary, it seems to increase it, awakening in us no more enthusiasm than the sight of a man gloating over his dinner might. Its moral significance is indeed precisely similar, though we are not quite sure that M. Berger so sees it.

## The Week's Books

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader.

### PHILOSOPHY.

**Hamelin (O.).** *Le Système d'Aristote* (Collection Historique des Grands Philosophes). 9x5½. 426 pp. Paris, Alcan, 16fr. n.

### RELIGION.

**Burrage (Champlin),** ed. *An Answer to John Robinson of Leyden, by a Puritan Friend.* Now first published from a manuscript of 1609 (Harvard Theological Studies). 9½x6½. 107 pp. Cambridge, Mass., Harvard Univ. Press (Milford), 8/6 n.

### SOCIOLOGY AND POLITICS.

\***Amar (Jules).** *The Human Motor; or, the Scientific Foundations of Labour and Industry.* 8½x6. 470 pp. il. Routledge, 30/ n.

\***Chirol (Sir Valentine).** *The Egyptian Problem.* 8½x5½. 342 pp. Macmillan, 7/6 n.

\***Daniels (George W.).** *The Early English Cotton Industry; with some unpublished letters of Samuel Crompton* (Publications of the University of Manchester, Historical Series). 7½x5½. 230 pp. Longmans, 8/6 n.

**Delorme (Amédée).** *Mariage Mixte et Divorce.* 7½x4½. 304 pp. Paris, E. de Boccard, 5fr.

**Dixon-Johnson (C. F.).** *The Greeks in Asia Minor.* 8½x6. 23 pp. Cole & Co., Westminster, S.W.1, 6d.

**Labour Conditions in Soviet Russia: Systematic Questionnaire and Bibliography** prepared for the Mission of Enquiry in Russia (International Labour Office). 9½x6. 440 pp. Harrison & Sons, 7/6 n.

**Smith (Herbert A.).** *The American Supreme Court as an International Tribunal.* 9½x6½. 131 pp. Oxford Univ. Press, 9/6 n.

**Volonakis (Michael D.).** *Greece on the Eve of Resurrection.* With preface by Arnold J. Toynbee. 9½x6. 51 pp. Hesperia Press, 101, Dean Street, W.1, 3/ n.

### EDUCATION.

**Batten (H. Mortimer).** *Tracks and Tracking: a Book for Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, and Every Lover of Woodcraft.* 7½x5. 95 pp. il. W. & R. Chambers, 2/ n.

**Catalogue de l'Exposition Pédagogique Française à Helsingfors, 1920.** Avec un Article de Jean Lescoffier sur l'Université Française.

**Tolstoi (L. N.).** *Two Tales* (Bilingual Series). 6½x4. 65 pp. Harrap, 2/ n.

### PHILOLOGY.

**Perrett (Wilfrid).** *Peetickay, an Essay towards the Abolition of Spelling: being a Sequel to "Some Questions of Phonetic Theory," Part I, 1916.* 8½x5½. 97 pp. Cambridge, Heffer, 6/ n.

### FINE ARTS.

**Cundall (H. M.).** *The Norwich School: "Old" Crome, J. S. Cotman, G. Vincent, etc.* 11½x8½. 32 pp. 60 pl. in colour and monotone. "The Studio," 15s. n.

### GAMES AND SPORTS.

**Bennion (B.).** *The Trout are Rising in England and South Africa: a Book for Slippered Ease.* 7½x5. 307 pp. il. Lane, 10/6 n.

### LITERATURE.

\***Quiller-Couch (Sir Arthur).** *On the Art of Reading: Lectures delivered in the University of Cambridge, 1916-17.* 9½x6. Cambridge Univ. Press, 15/ n.

\***Toynbee (Paget),** ed. *Dantis Alagherii Epistolæ: the Letters of Dante.* Emended text, with introduction, notes, and indices, and appendix on the *Cursus*. 7½x5½. 360 pp. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 12/6 n.

### POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

**Abbott (Claude Colbeer),** tr. *Nine Songs from the Twelfth-Century French.* Decorations by Lovat Fraser. 10x6½. 15 pp. Chelsea Book Club, 2/ n.

**Atkinson (E. J. Rupert).** *A Flagon of Song.* 8x5½. 162 pp. Melbourne, E. A. Vidler, the Olderfleet, Collins Street West.

\***Le Strange (Guy).** *Spanish Ballads.* 8x5½. 233 pp. Cambridge Univ. Press, 10/6 n.

**Luce (G. H.).** *Poems.* 9x6. 64 pp. Macmillan, 5/ n.

**Winsten (S.).** *Chains.* 7½x5½. 112 pp. Daniel, 5/ n.

### FICTION.

**Campbell (Phyllis).** *The White Hen.* 7½x5. 245 pp. Mills & Boon, 7/6 n.

**De Régnier (Henri).** *La Pécheresse: Histoire d'Amour.* 7½x4½. 350 pp. Paris, Mercure de France, 7fr.

\***London (Jack).** *Island Tales.* 7½x5. 248 pp. Mills & Boon, 7/6 n.

**Merrel (Concordia).** *Julia takes her Chance.* 7½x5. 288 pp. Selwyn & Blount, 7/6 n.

**Wilberforce (John).** *The Champion of the Family.* 7½x5. 320 pp. Fisher Unwin, 7/6 n.

**Williams (Ben Ames).** *All the Brothers were Valiant.* 6½x4½. 185 pp. Mills & Boon, 2/ n.

**Williams (Ben Ames).** *The Sea Bride.* 7½x5. 242 pp. Mills & Boon, 7/6 n.

### WAR.

**Lévy (Raphaël-Georges).** *La Juste Paix: ou, la Vérité sur le Traité de Versailles.* 7½x4½. 243 pp. Paris, Plon-Nourrit, 7fr.

### PERIODICALS.

**Gypsy Lore Society Journal.** New Series, Vol. IX. Parts 1 and 2. Secretary, Grindleton Vicarage, Clitheroe.

### REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

**Baring-Gould (S.).** *Mehalah.* 7x4½. 306 pp. Murray, 2/ n.

**Reed (Acton).** *Mind and Manners: a Diary of Occasions.* 7½x5. 112 pp. Simpkin & Marshall, 3/6 n.